

GOLD  
KEY

THE JETSONS

STILL ONLY 12c

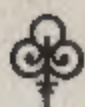
# The JETSONS

10041-401  
JANUARY



by HANNA-BARBERA





KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

# ROADS and VEHICLES

NUMBER 31

## EARLY SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES

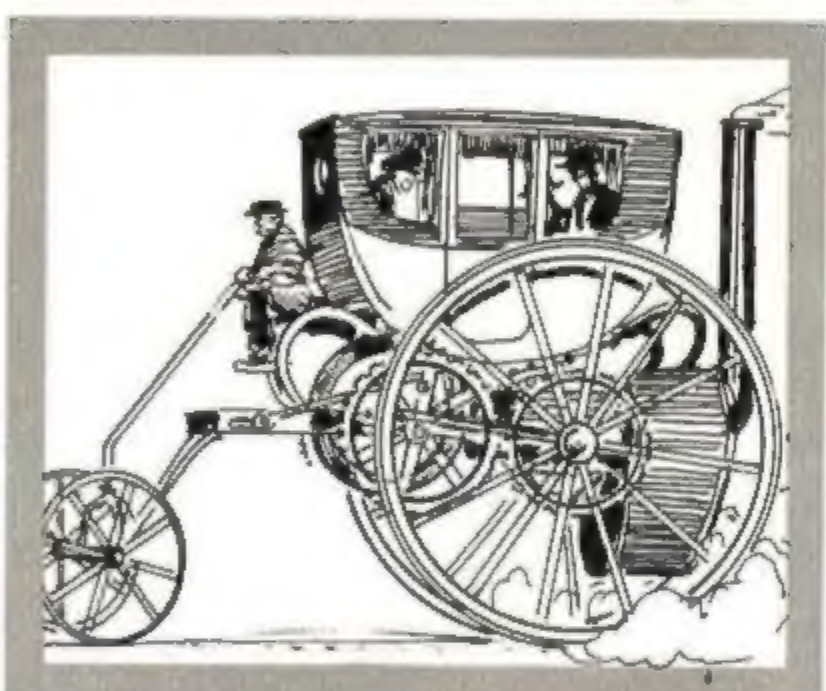
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



In 1770, Nicholas Cugnot of France built a steam-powered wagon. The engine and boiler were mounted on the steering wheel.



It moved at  $2\frac{1}{4}$  mph and was refueled every 15 minutes. The project failed when the wagon overturned starting a stampede.



Richard Trevithick built a steam road engine in 1803. A coach body was provided for passengers. A tiller steered the vehicle.



Fire box, boiler and smokestack were in the rear. The engineer stood on small shelf where he could feed the fire box with wood.



Huge gears drove the 10 ft. drive wheels. When tested, this weird vehicle traveled the rough roads at a steady  $8\frac{1}{2}$  mph clip.



Hanna-Barbera *THE JETSONS*

# THE FOLKSINGER SWINGER

INTRODUCING THE  
QUEENSTON TRIO...

OH... CARRY ME BACK TO THE MILKY WAY  
AT THE END OF THE VAPOR TRAILLL...



I CAN'T STAND  
THAT HOWLING MUCH  
LONGER! WHAT KIND  
OF MUSIC IS THAT,  
ANYWAY?

FOLK-  
SINGING!  
IT'S ALL  
THE RAGE  
NOW!



I KIND OF LIKE IT!

I KIND OF HATE IT!  
IF THAT'S MUSIC, I'M  
FRANK THINATRA!



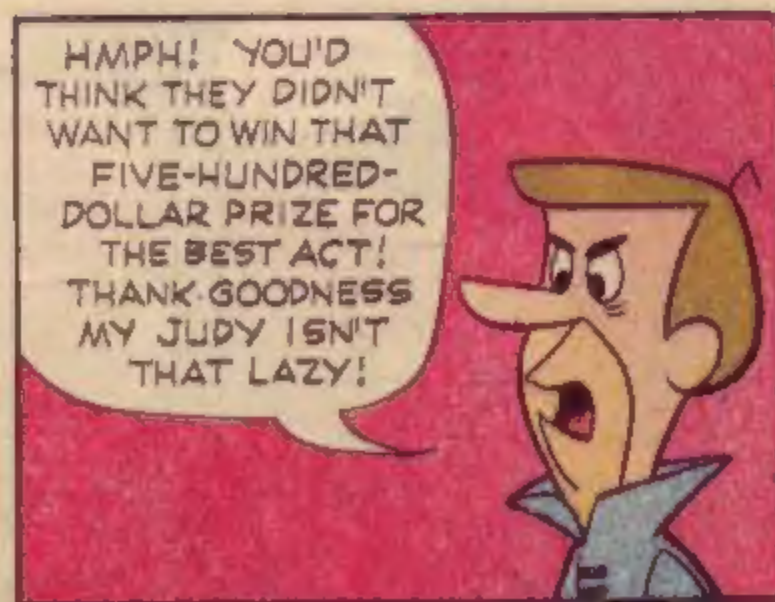
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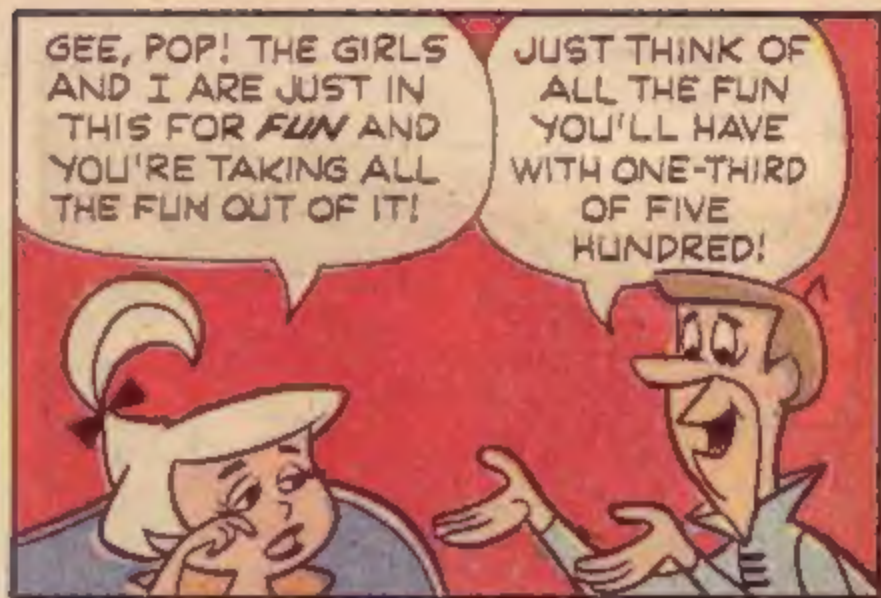




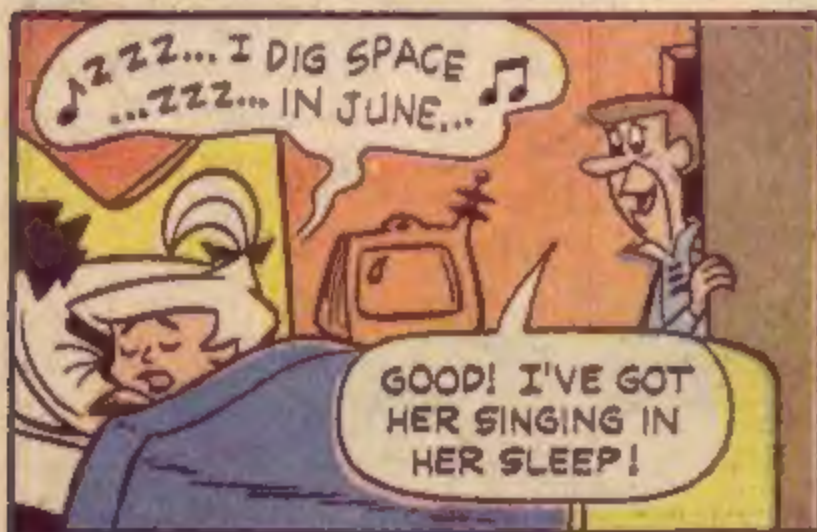








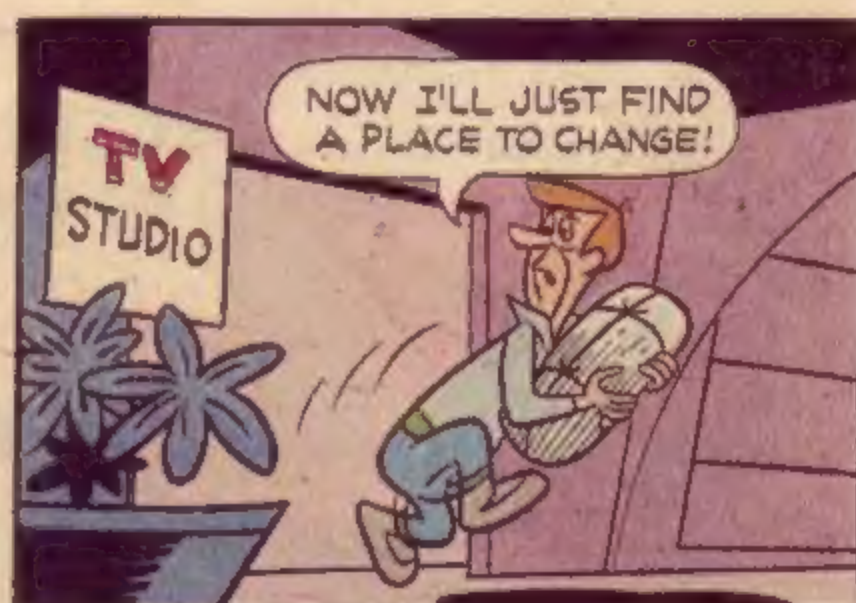
JUDY REHEARSES UNTIL BEDTIME...



NEXT MORNING...



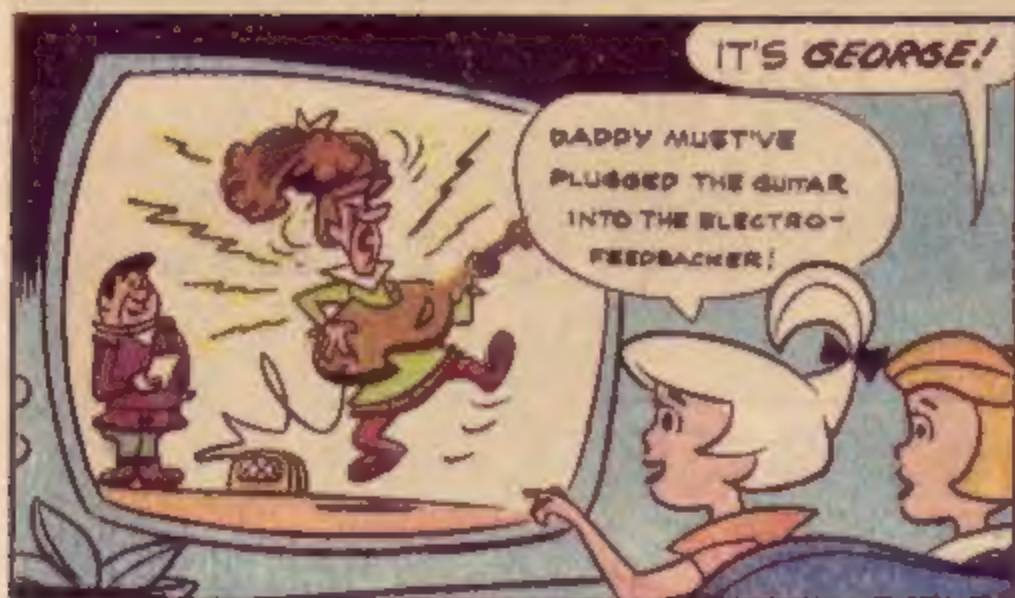












A GREAT PERFORMANCE OF A BRAND-NEW DANCE! LET'S GIVE A HAND, FOLKS! HE WINS THE FIVE HUNDRED!



End



Hanna-Barbera ELROY and ASTRO

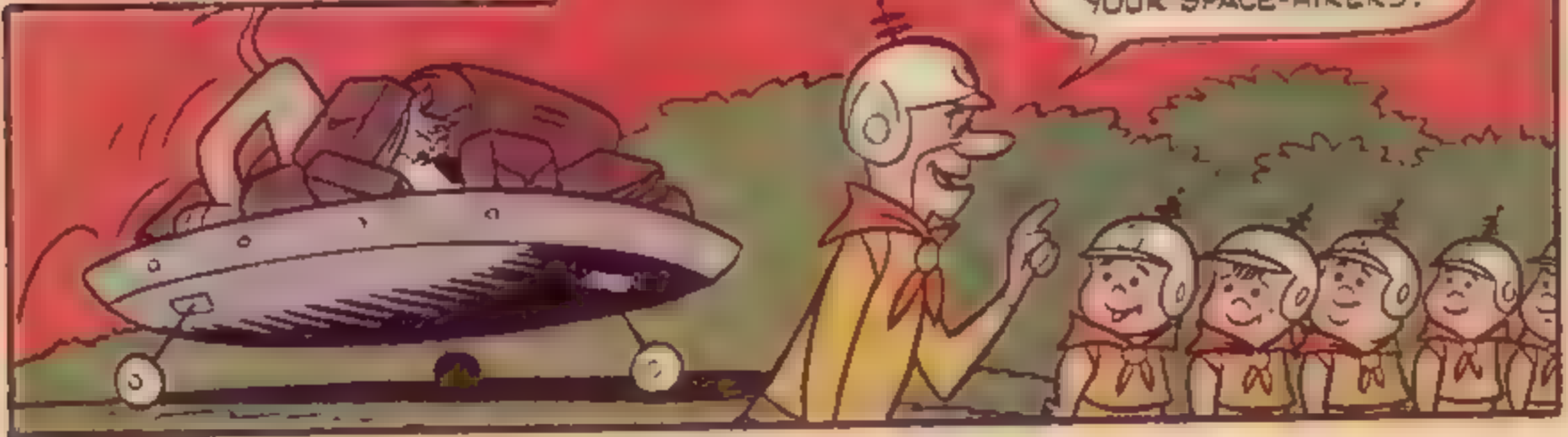
# CANINE CAMPER CAPER





MAYBE A SPACE SCOUT HAS  
TO OBEY, BUT A DOG DOESN'T...

OKAY, BOYS! SWITCH ON  
YOUR SPACE-HIKERS.

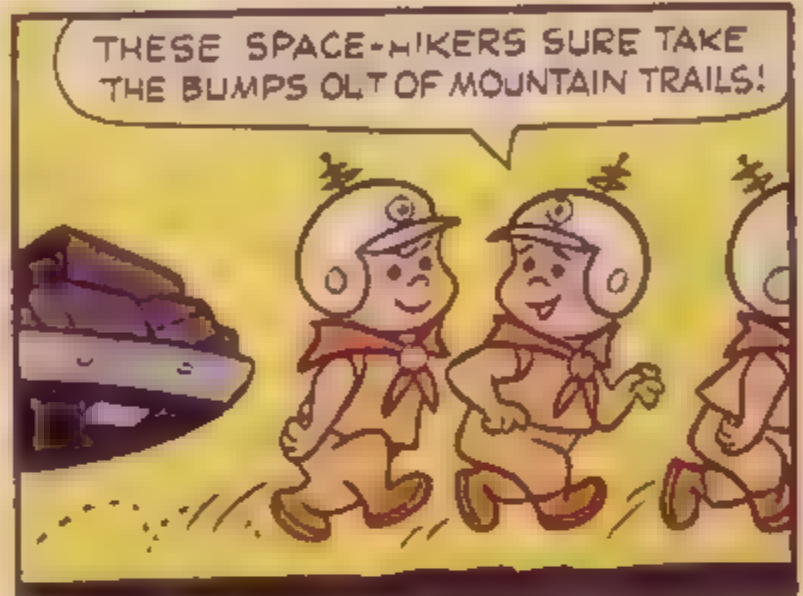


SPACE-HIKERS ON!

LET'S GO!



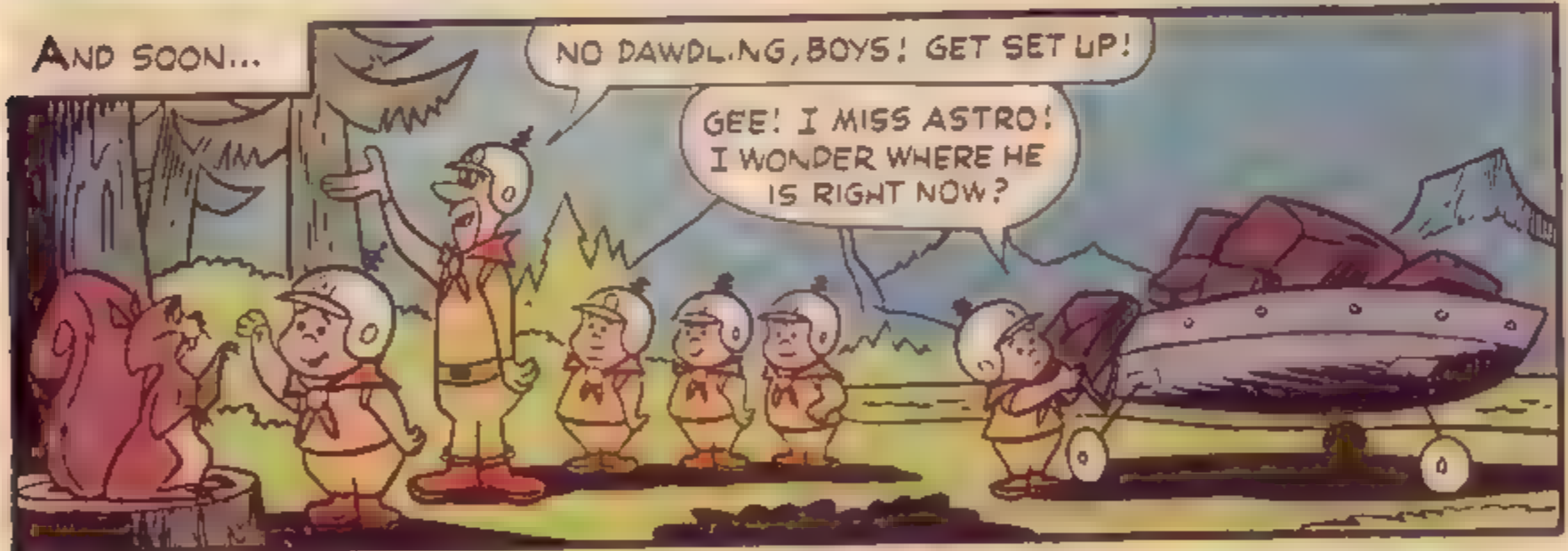
THESE SPACE-HIKERS SURE TAKE  
THE BUMPS OUT OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS!



AND SOON...

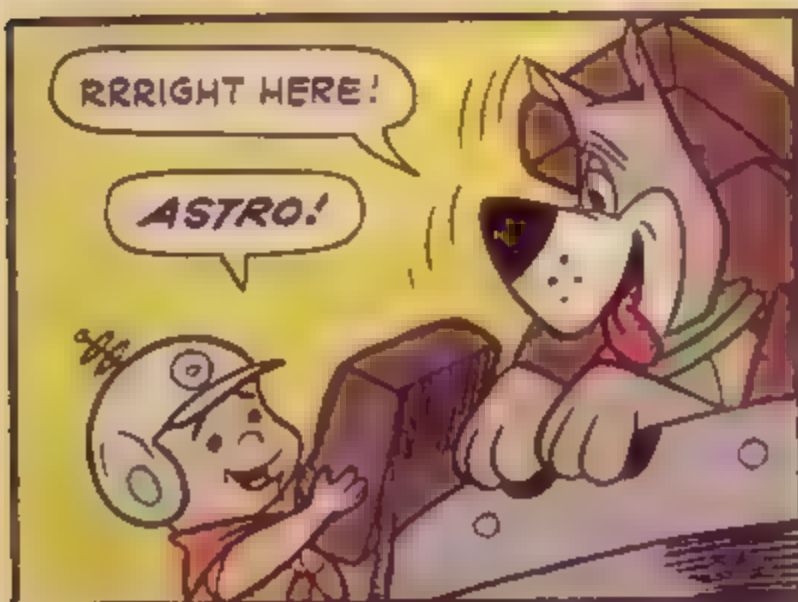
NO DAWDLING, BOYS! GET SET UP!

GEE! I MISS ASTRO!  
I WONDER WHERE HE  
IS RIGHT NOW?

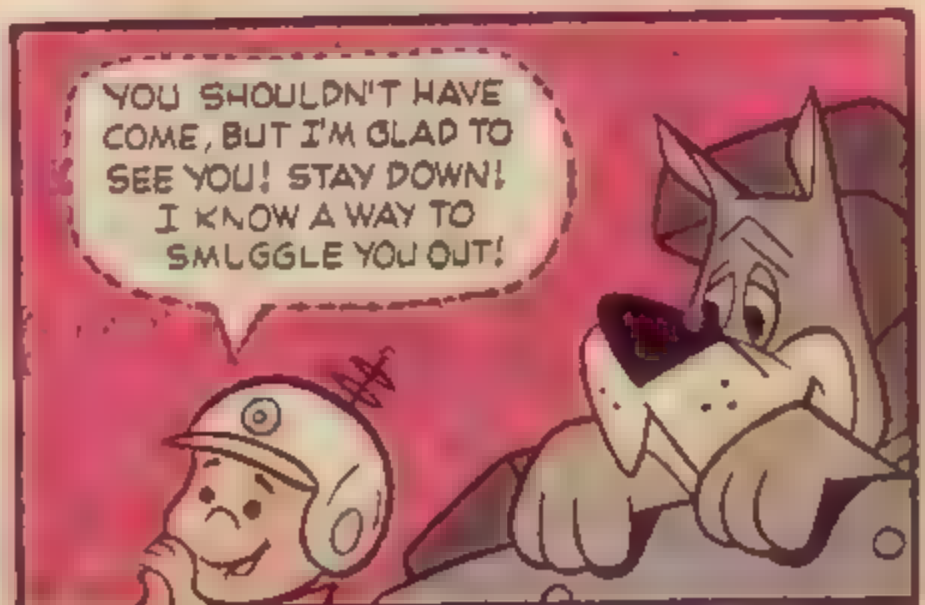


RRRIGHT HERE!

ASTRO!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
COME, BUT I'M GLAD TO  
SEE YOU! STAY DOWN!  
I KNOW A WAY TO  
SMUGGLE YOU OUT!

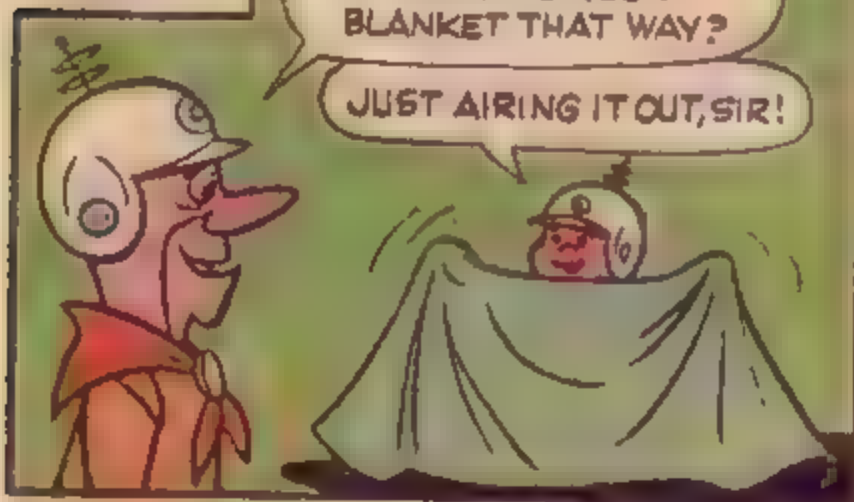




MINUTES  
LATER...

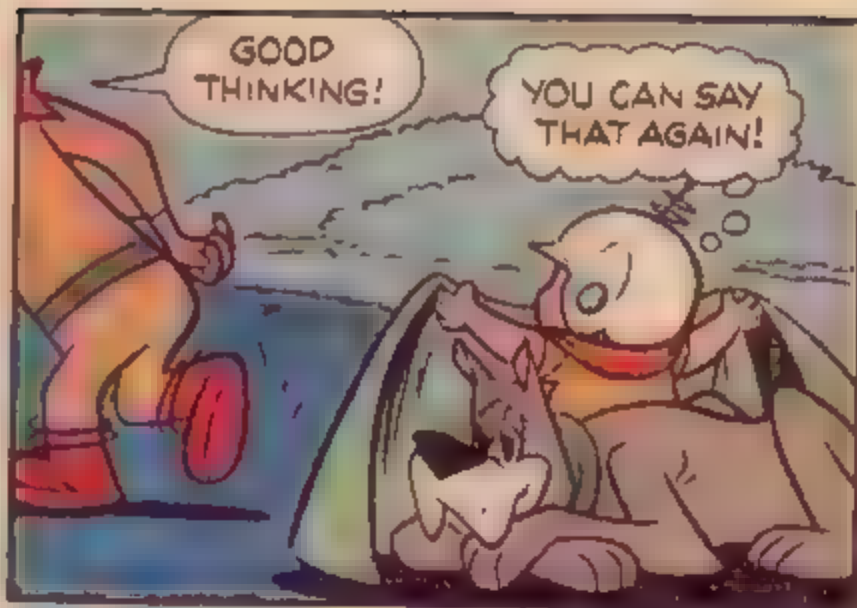
ELROY! WHY ARE YOU  
CARRYING YOUR  
BLANKET THAT WAY?

JUST AIRING IT OUT, SIR!



GOOD  
THINKING!

YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN!



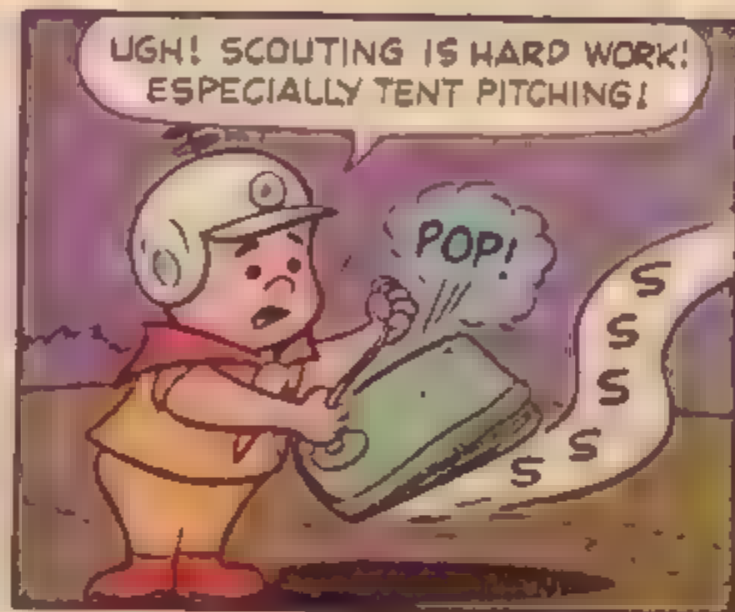
STAY DOWN  
UNTIL I GET  
THE TENT UP!

RRROKAY!



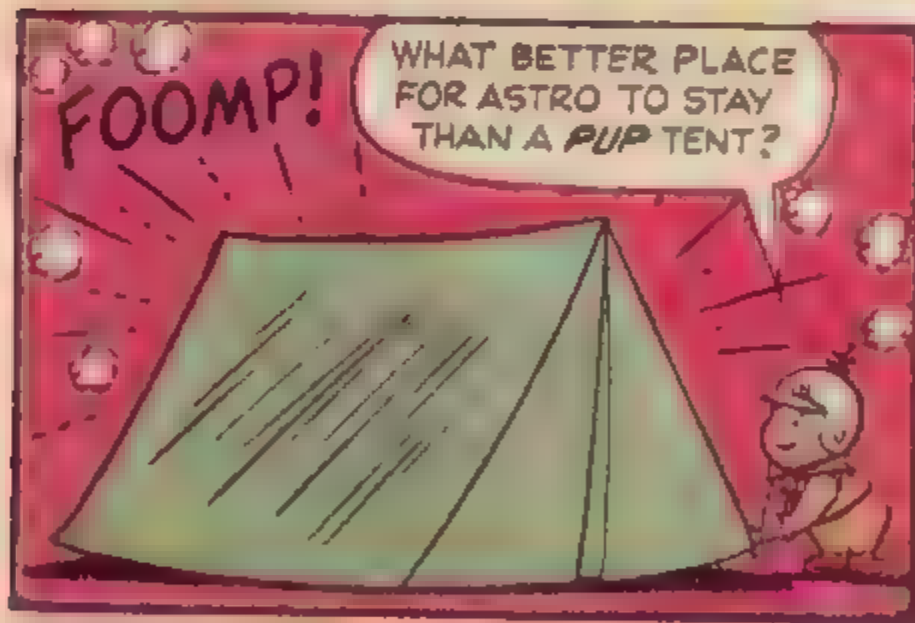
UGH! SCOUTING IS HARD WORK!  
ESPECIALLY TENT PITCHING!

POP!

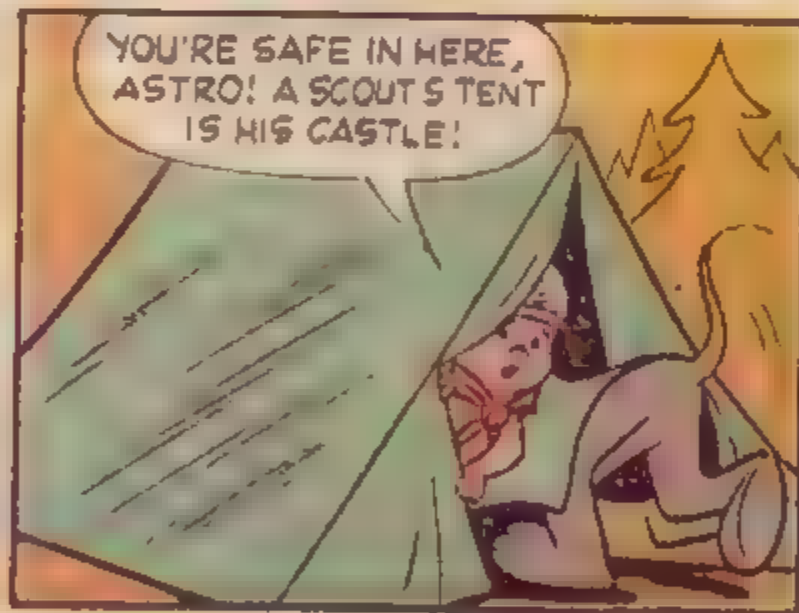


FOOMP!

WHAT BETTER PLACE  
FOR ASTRO TO STAY  
THAN A *PUP* TENT?

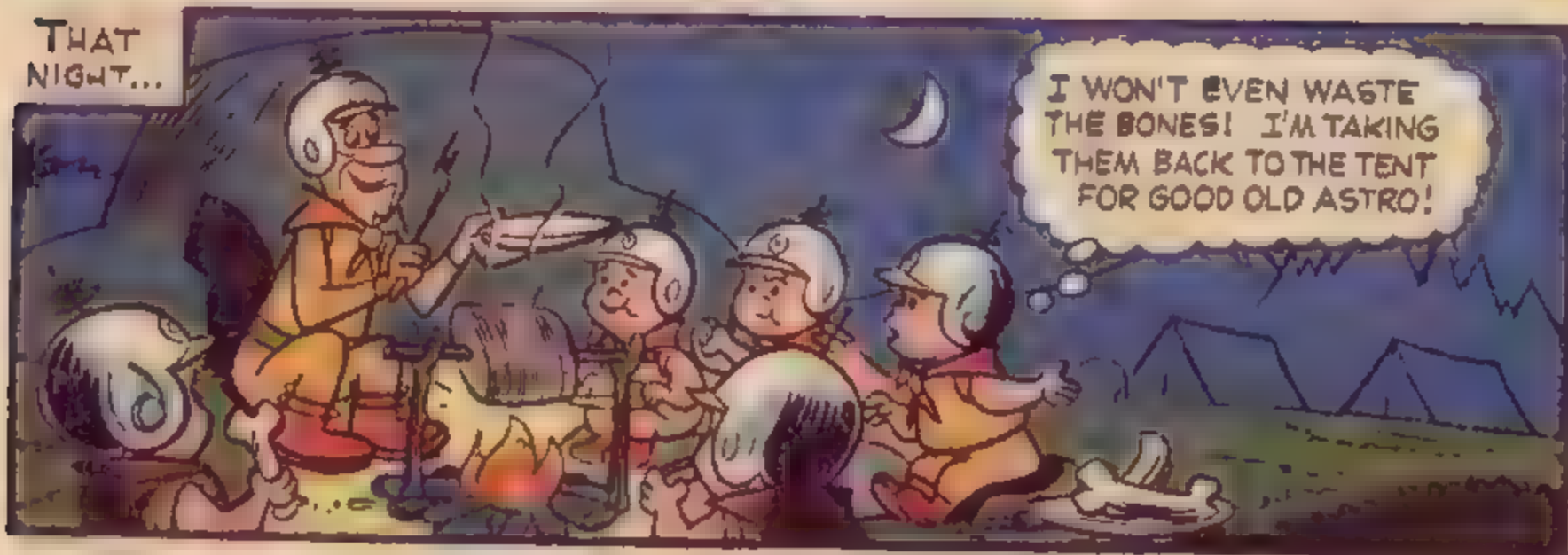


YOU'RE SAFE IN HERE,  
ASTRO! A SCOUT'S TENT  
IS HIS CASTLE!



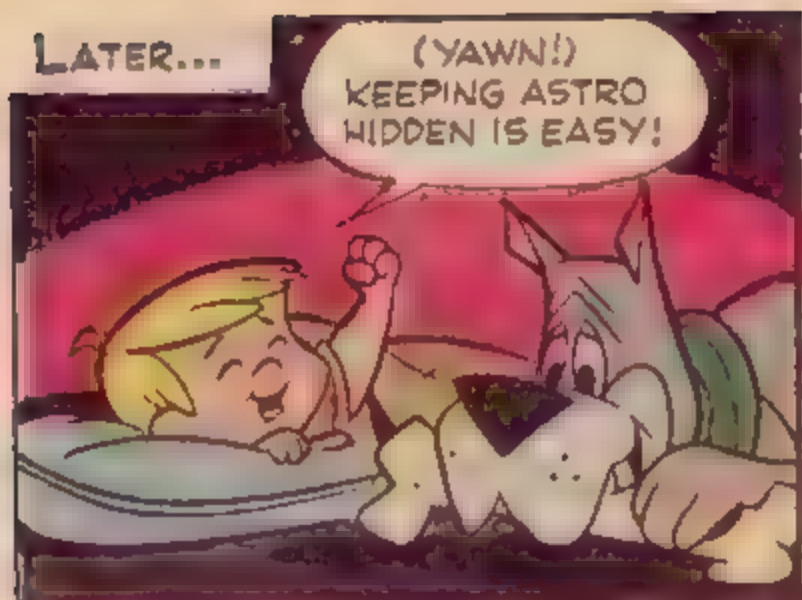
THAT  
NIGHT...

I WON'T EVEN WASTE  
THE BONES! I'M TAKING  
THEM BACK TO THE TENT  
FOR GOOD OLD ASTRO!

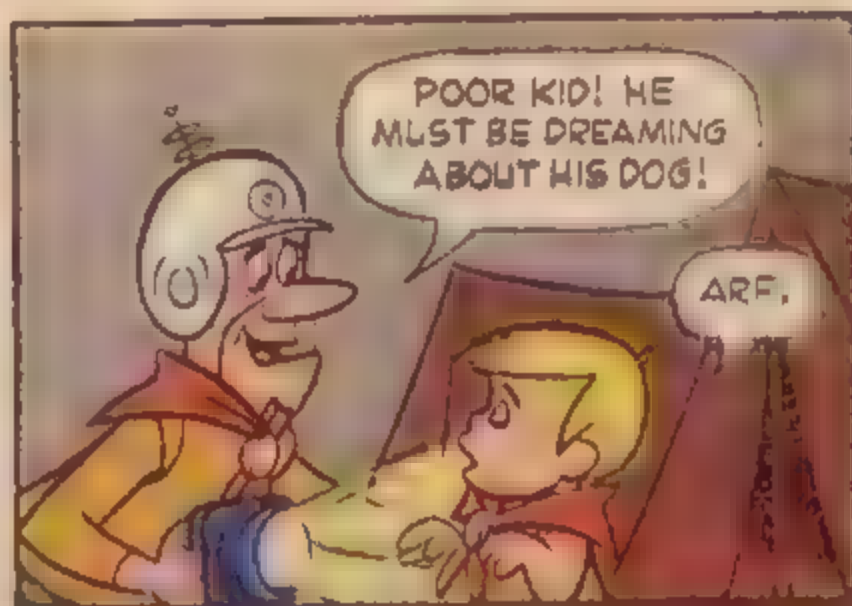
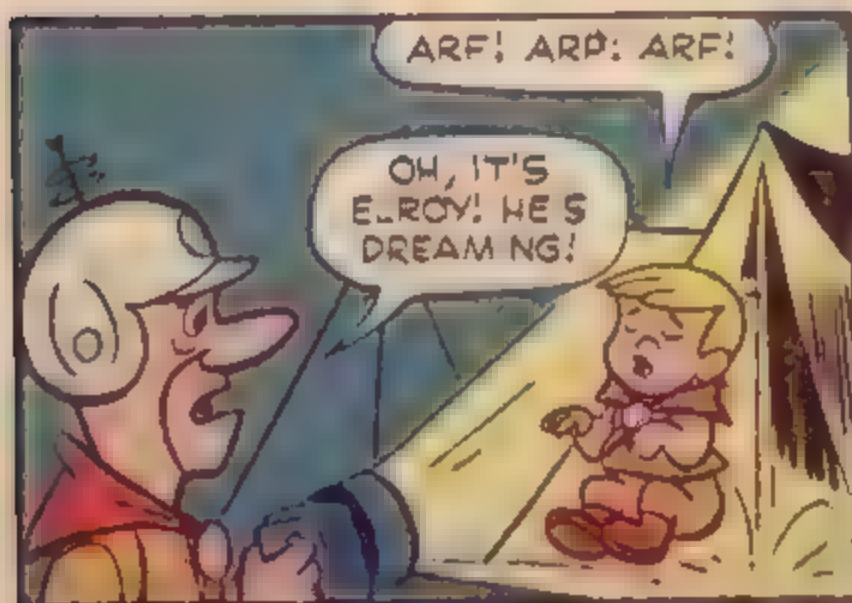
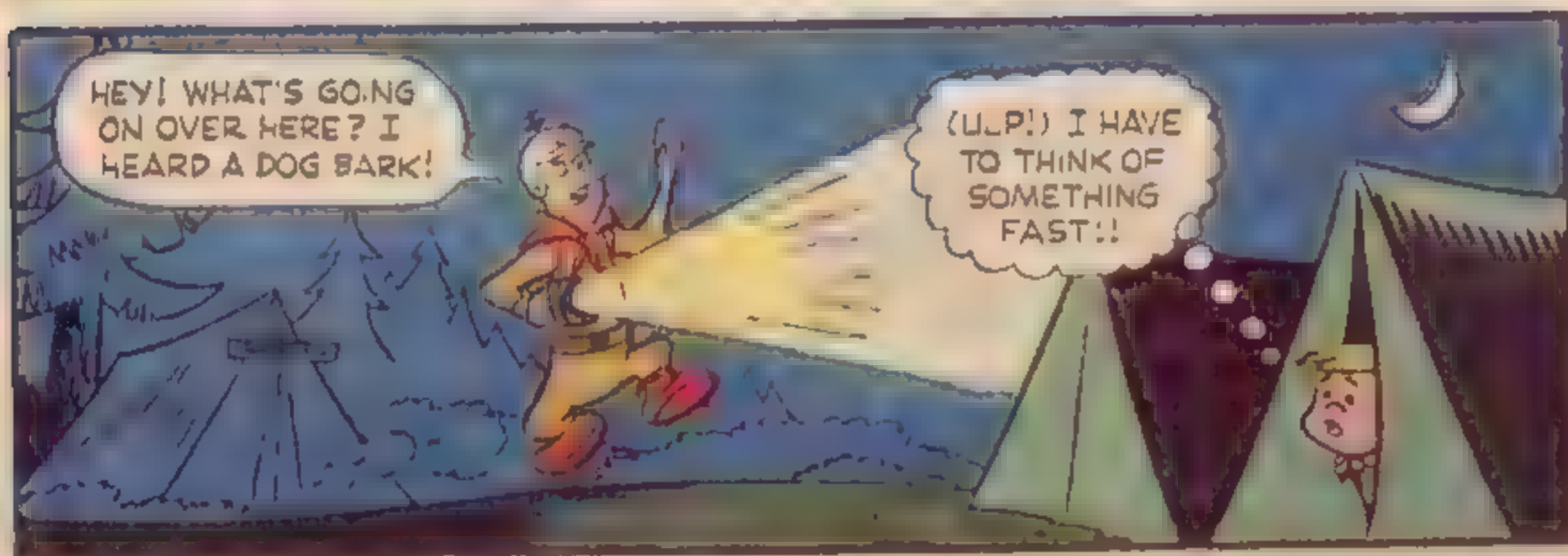
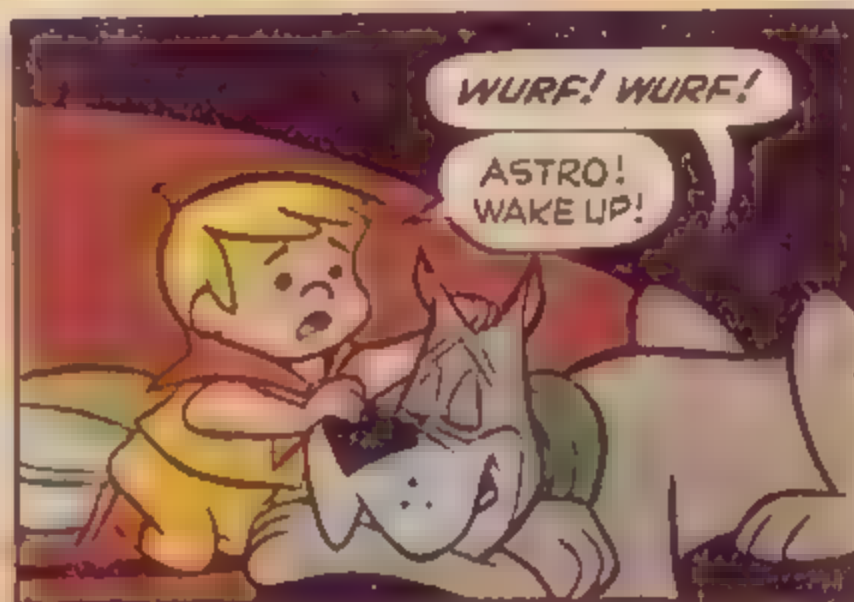
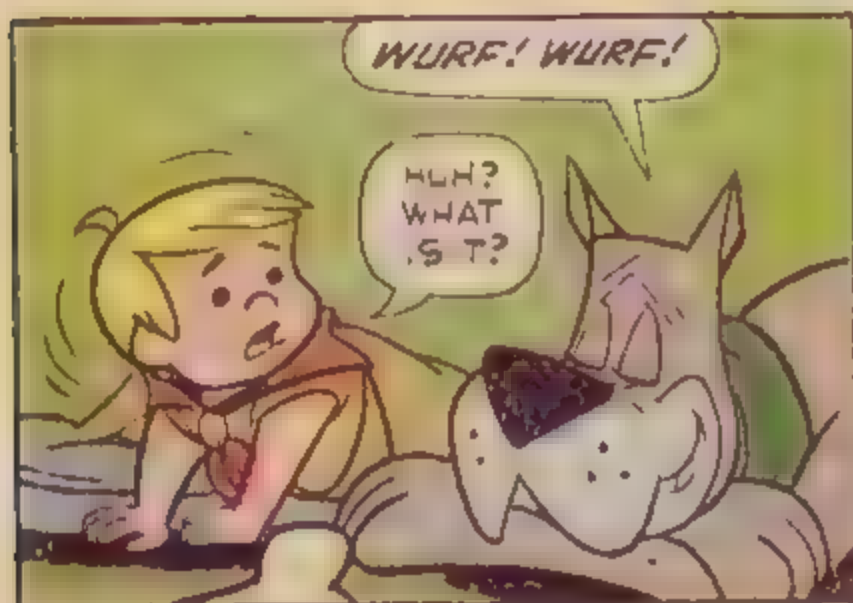
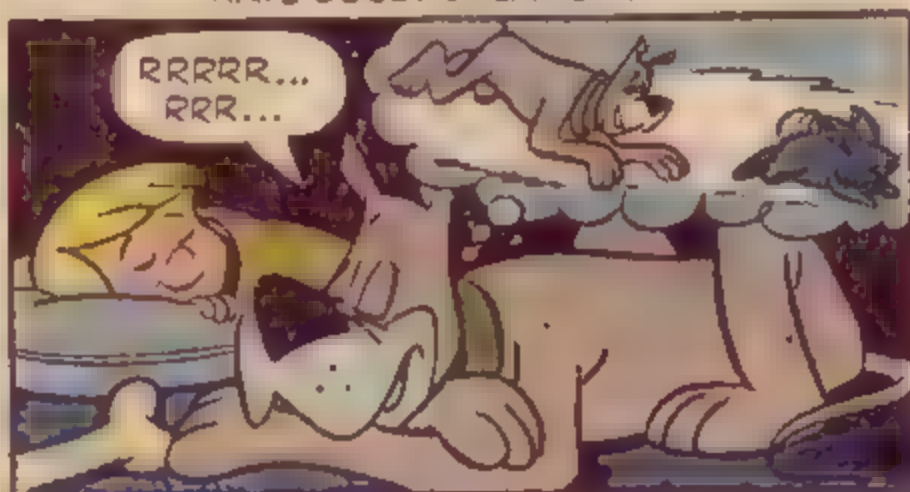




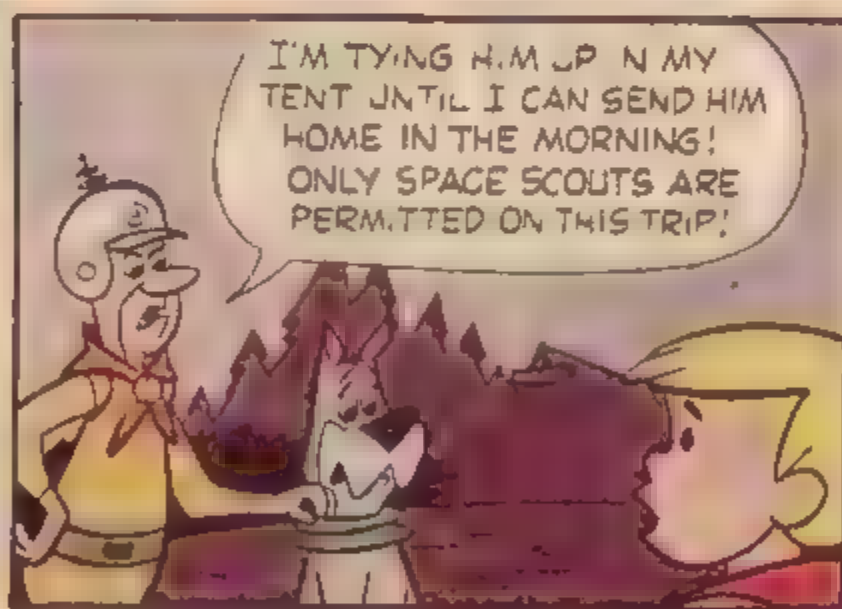
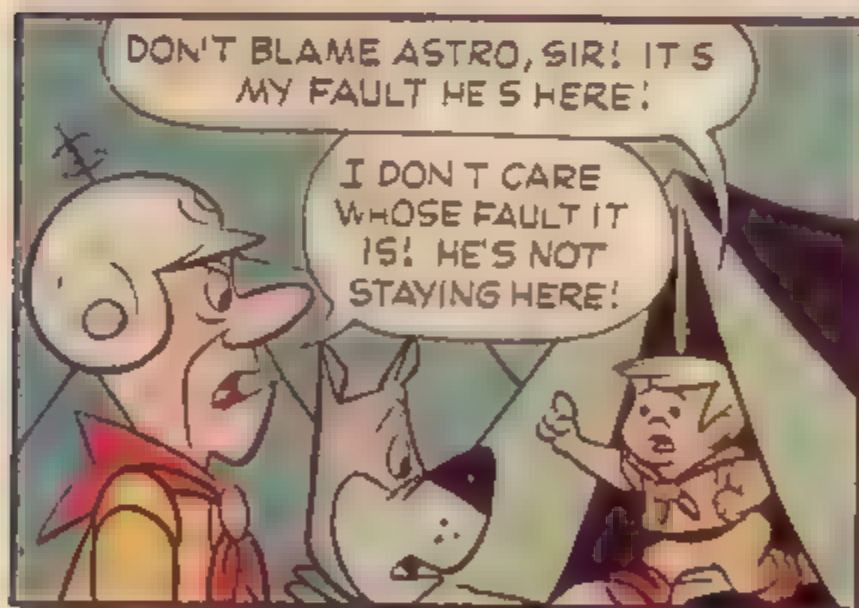
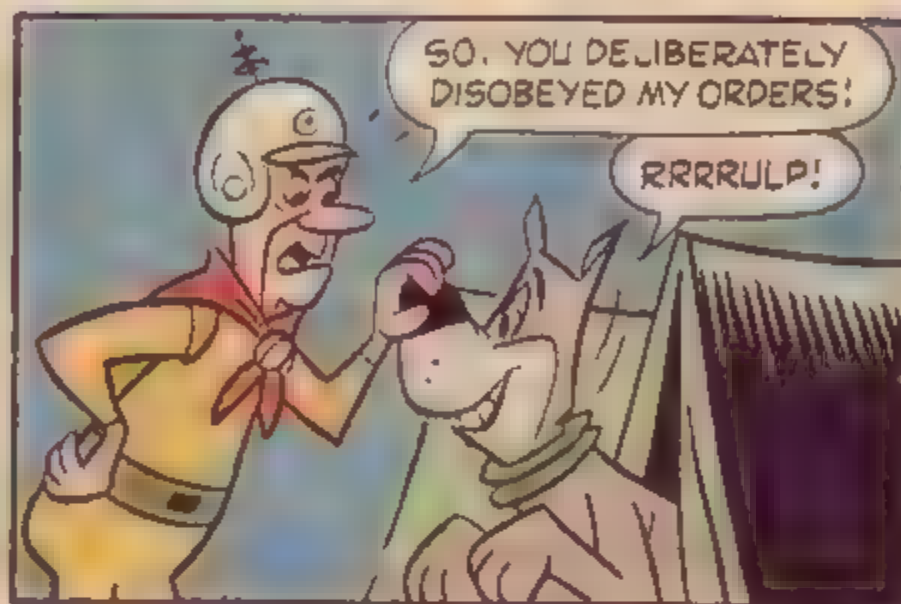
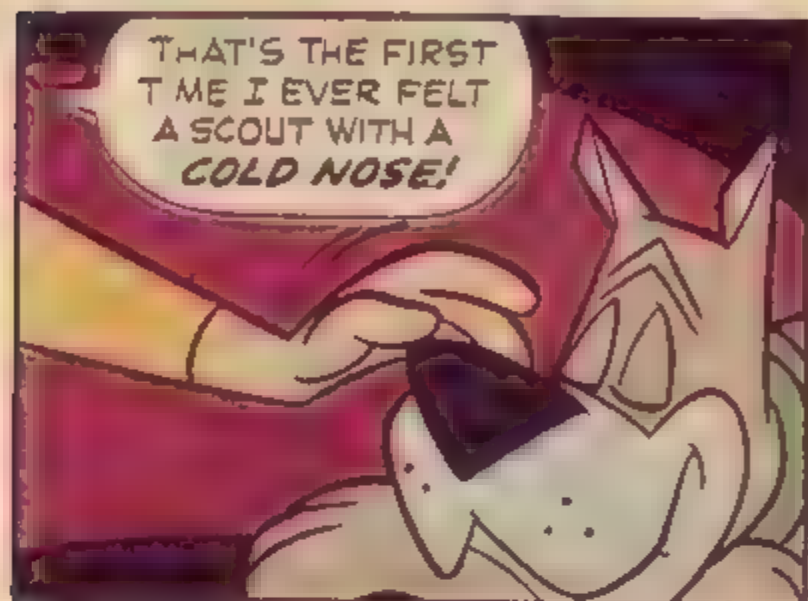
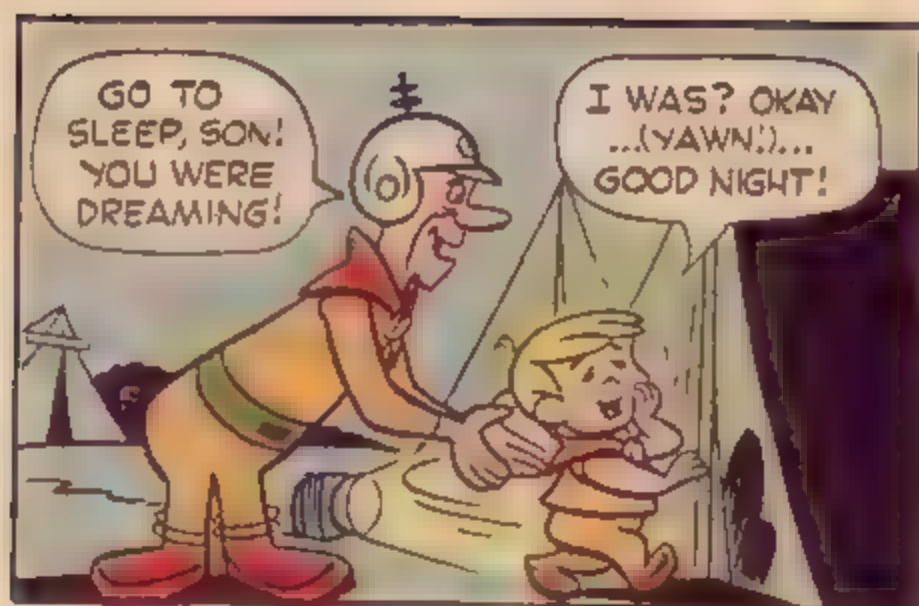
LATER...



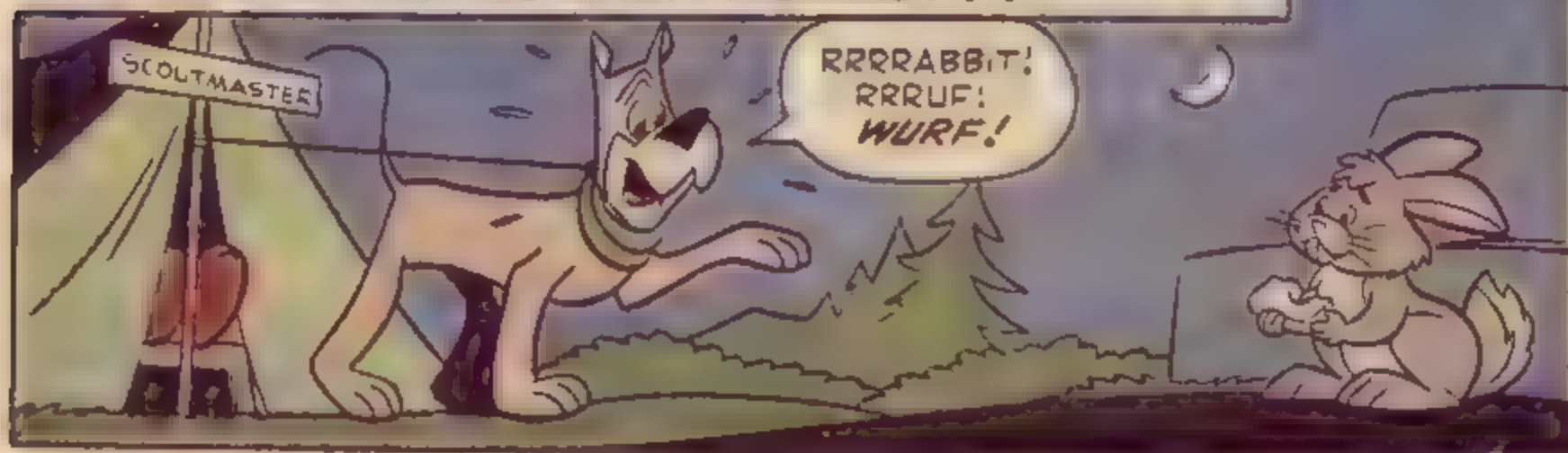
BUT AS THEY FALL ASLEEP, ASTRO BEGINS TO  
HAVE DOGGY DREAMS...



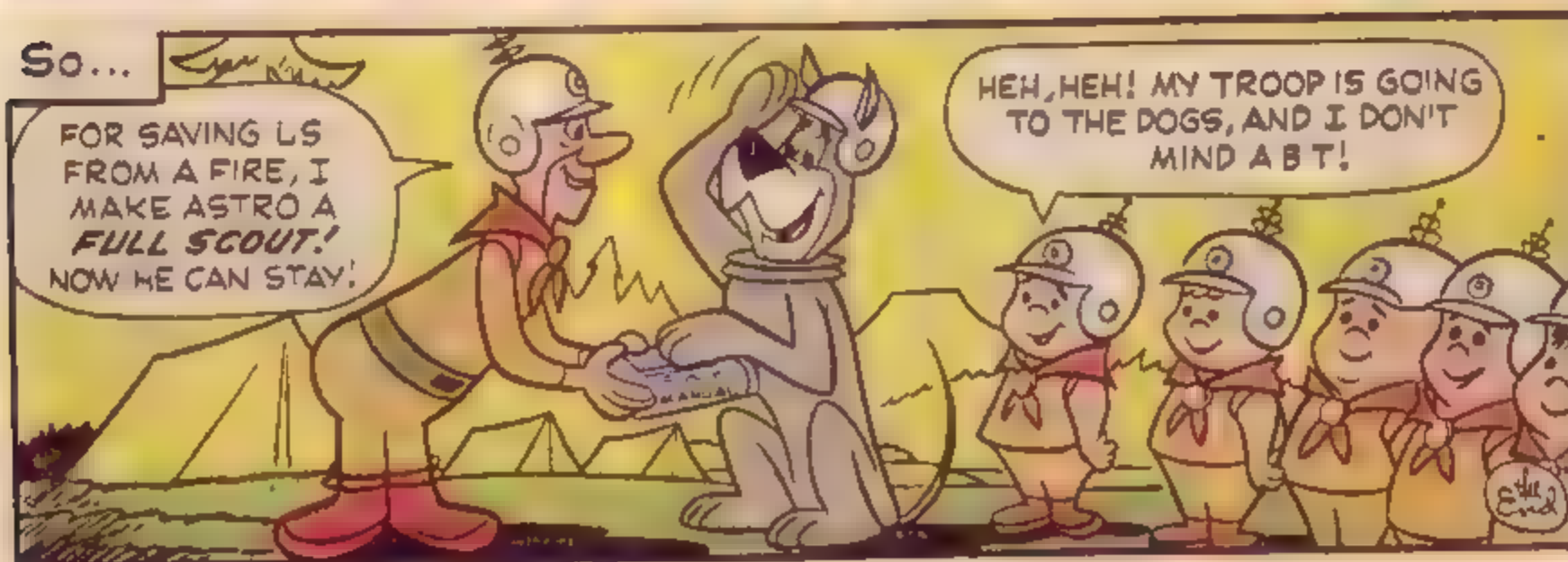
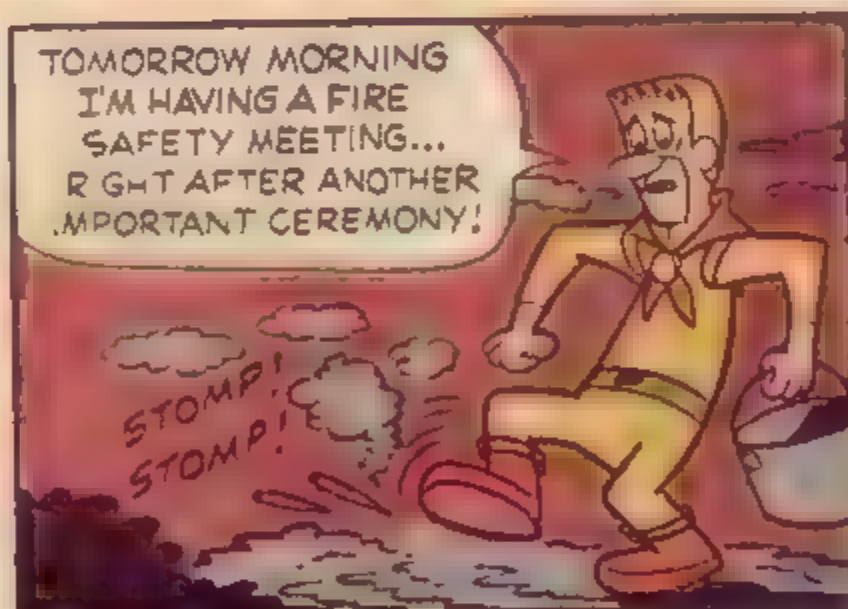
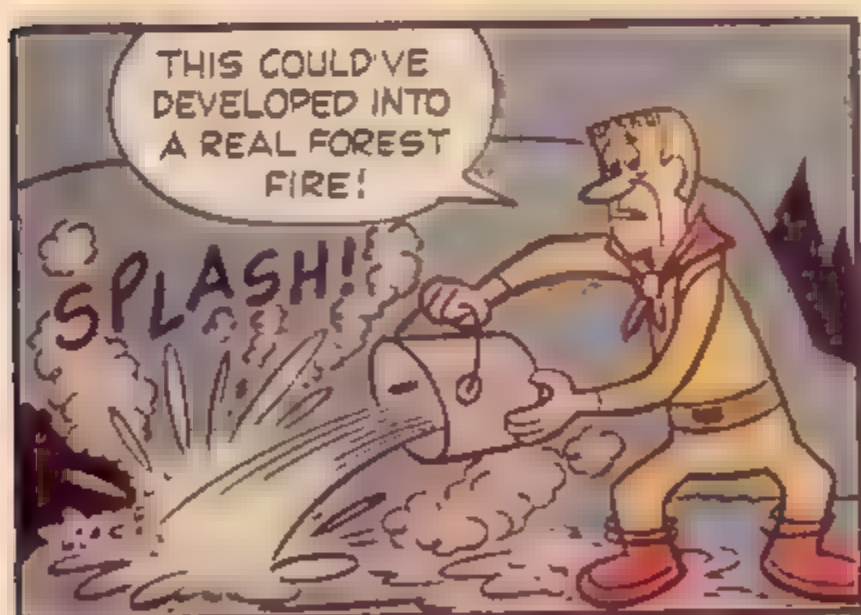
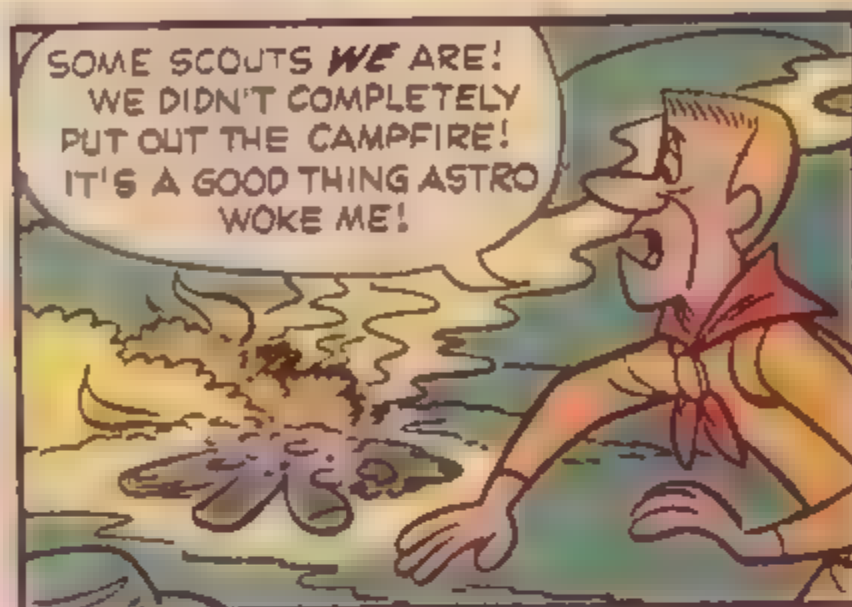
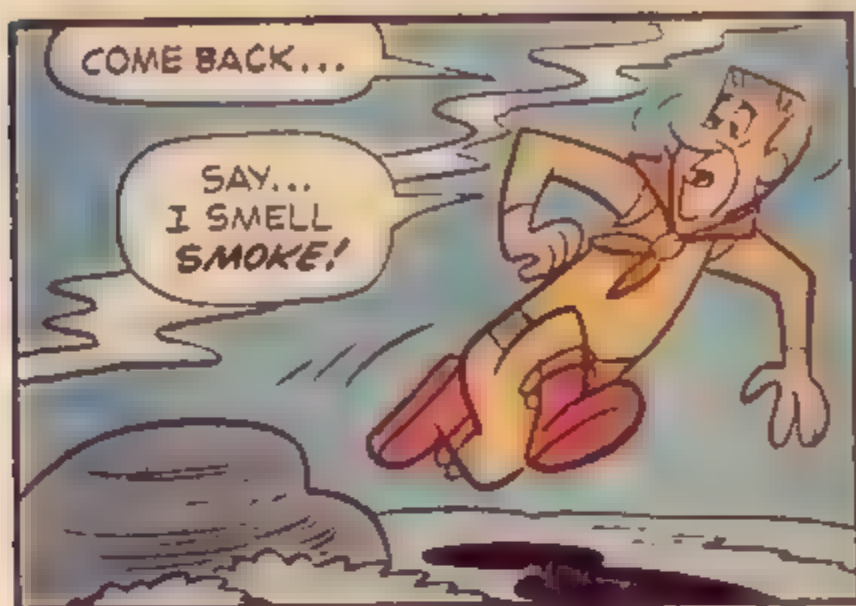
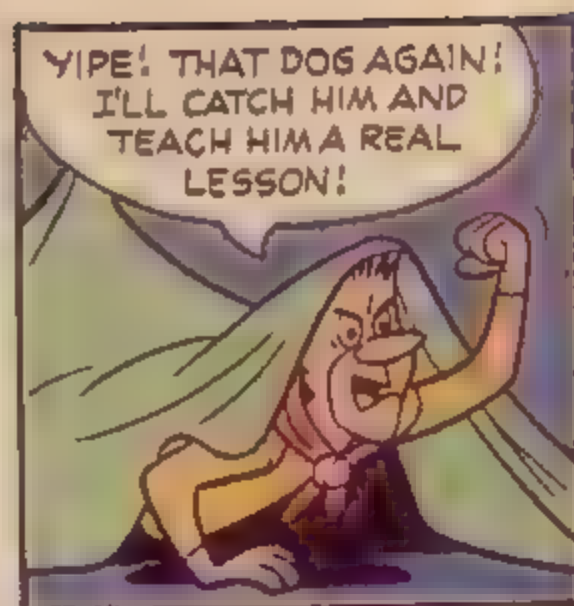
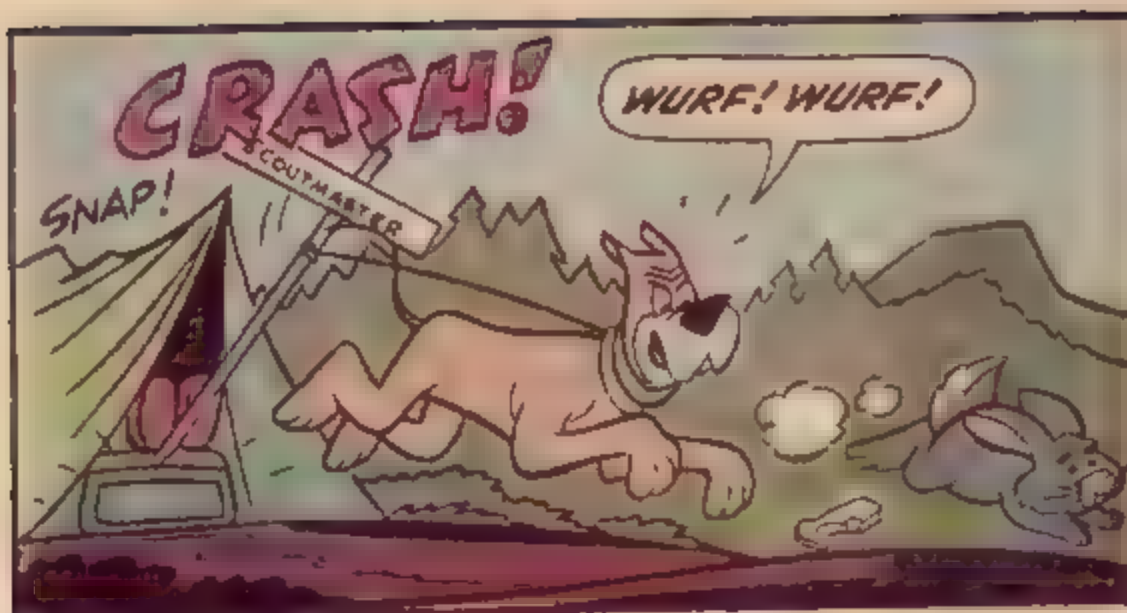




BUT THE NIGHT HAS STILL MORE SURPRISES! ASTRO SPOTS ANOTHER RABBIT... AND THIS TIME HE ISN'T DREAMING. . .







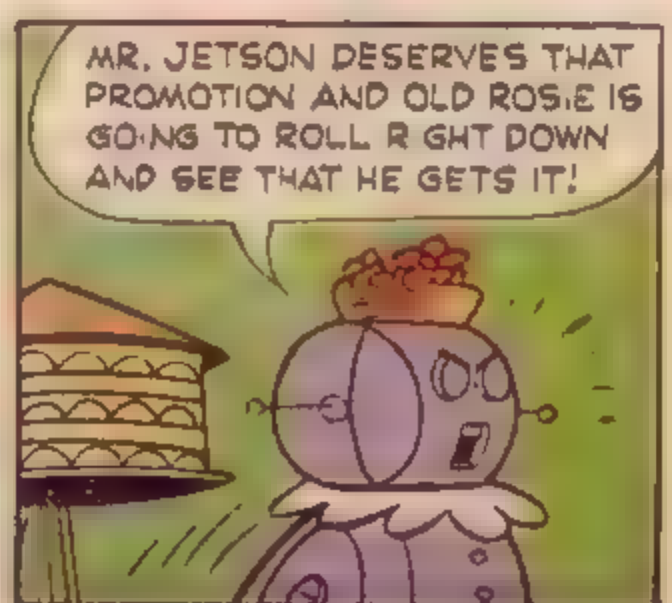
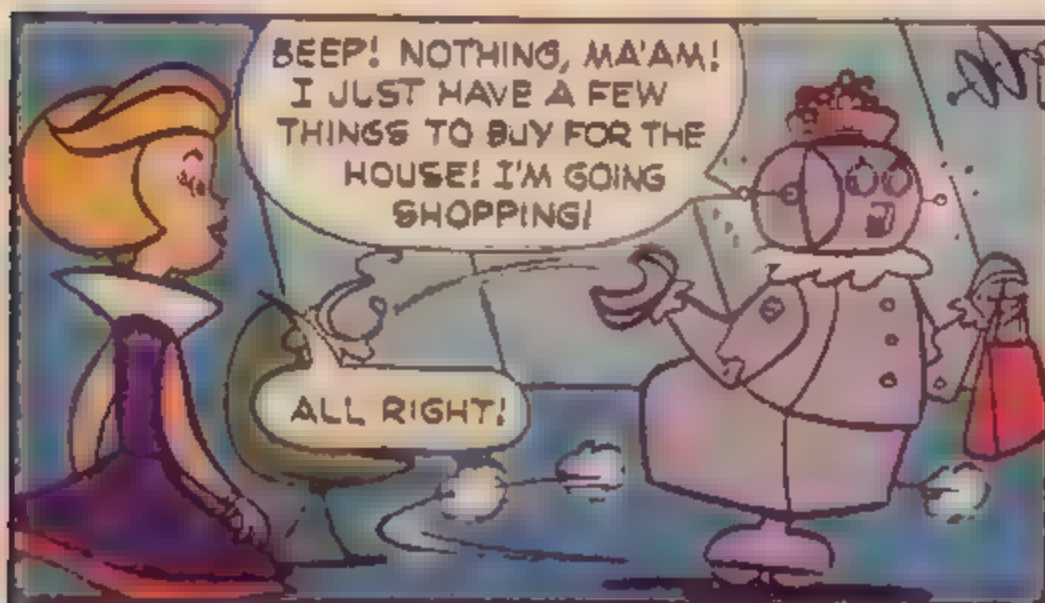
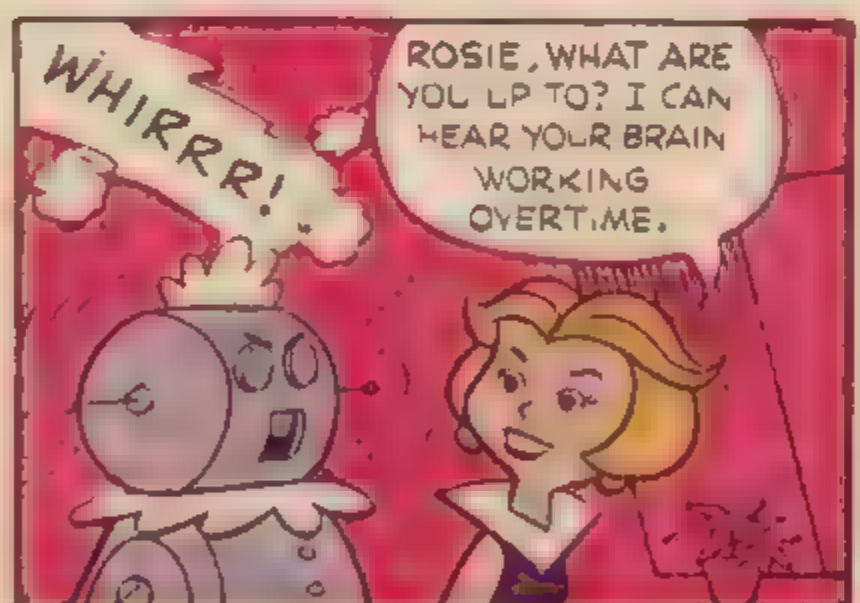
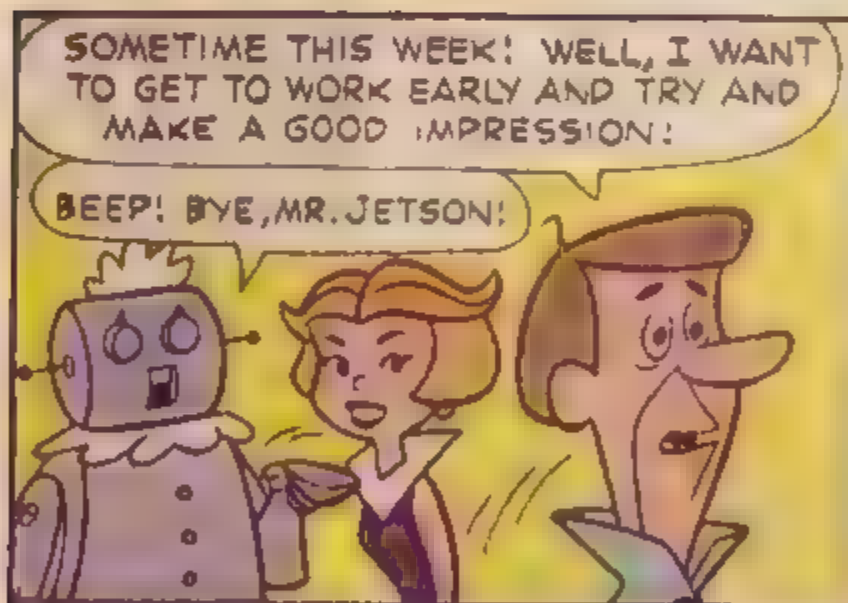
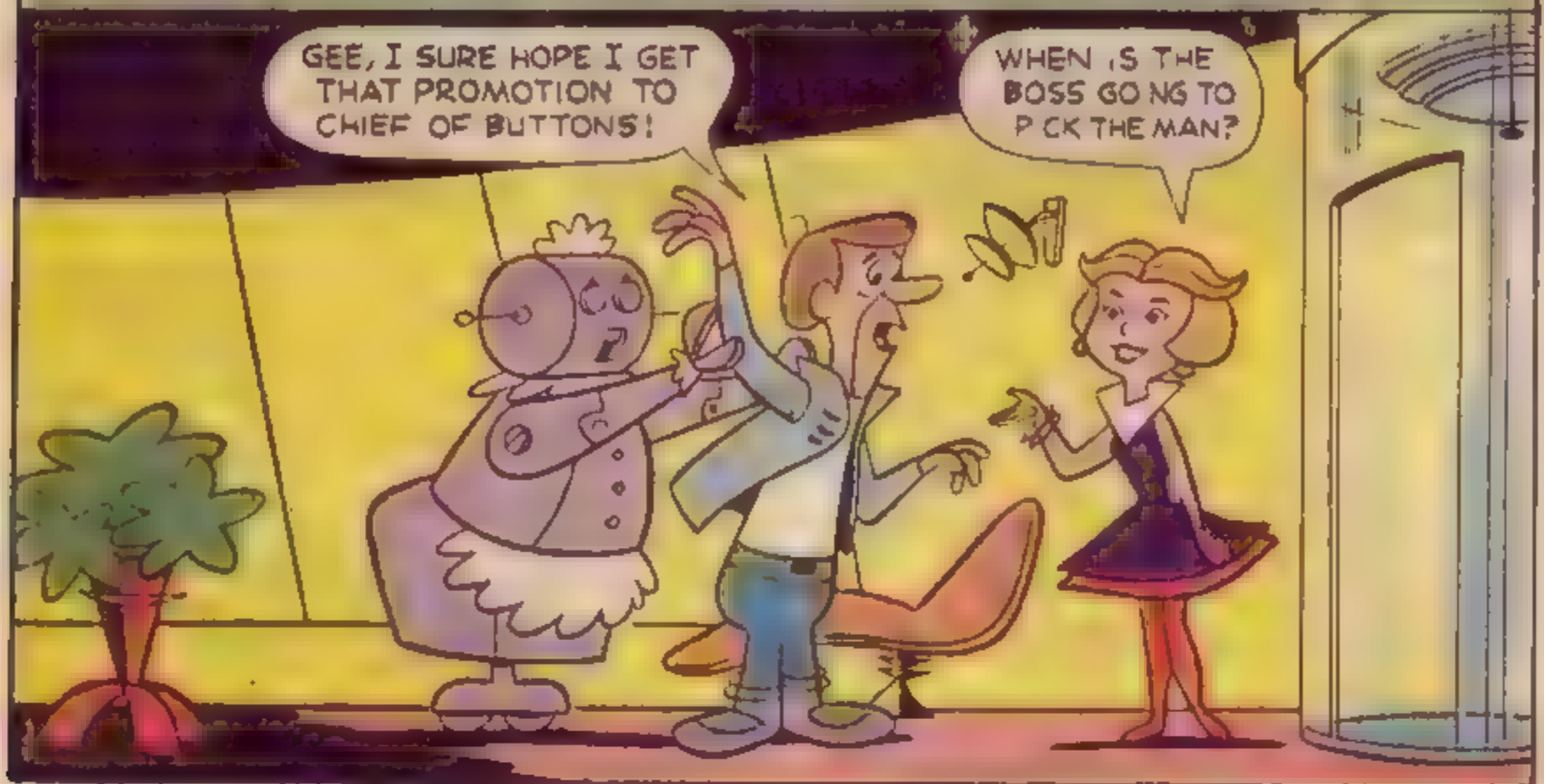
HEH, HEH! MY TROOP IS GOING TO THE DOGS, AND I DON'T MIND A BIT!

THE END

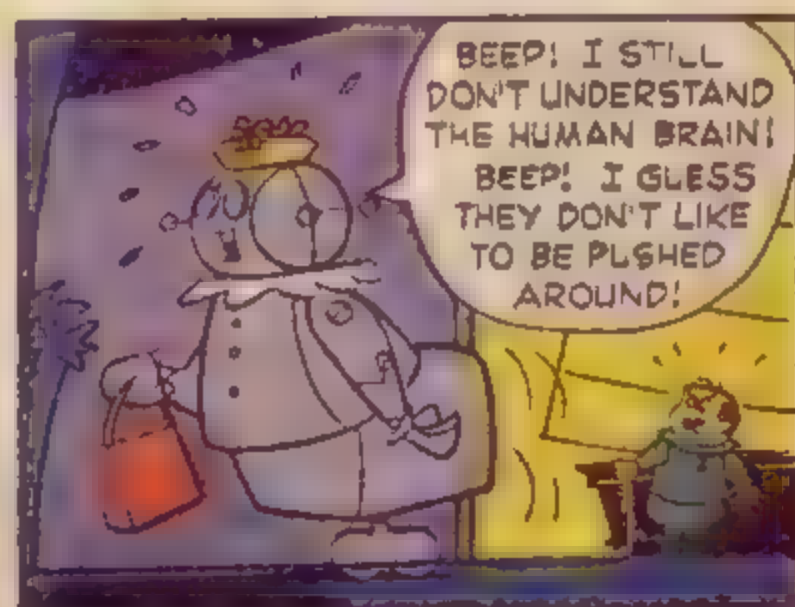
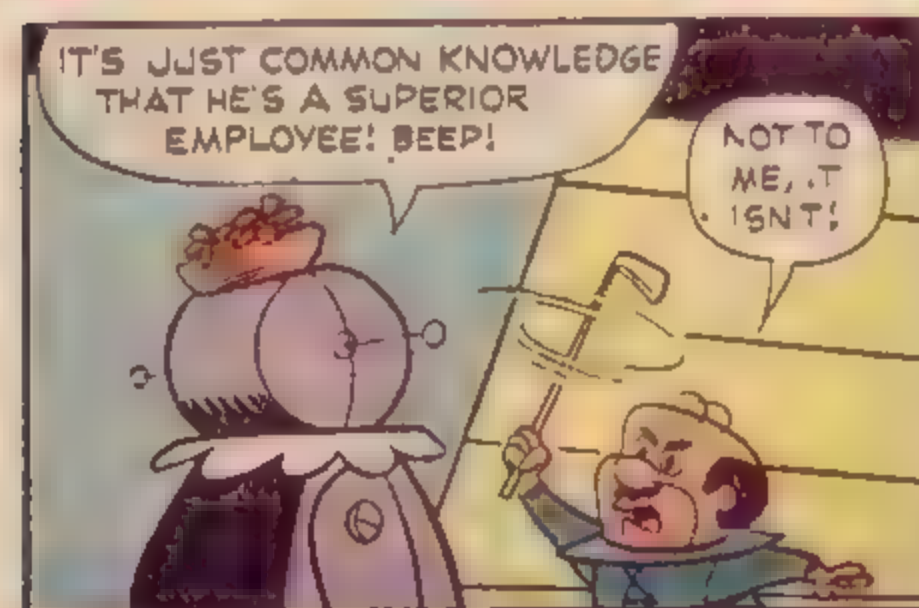
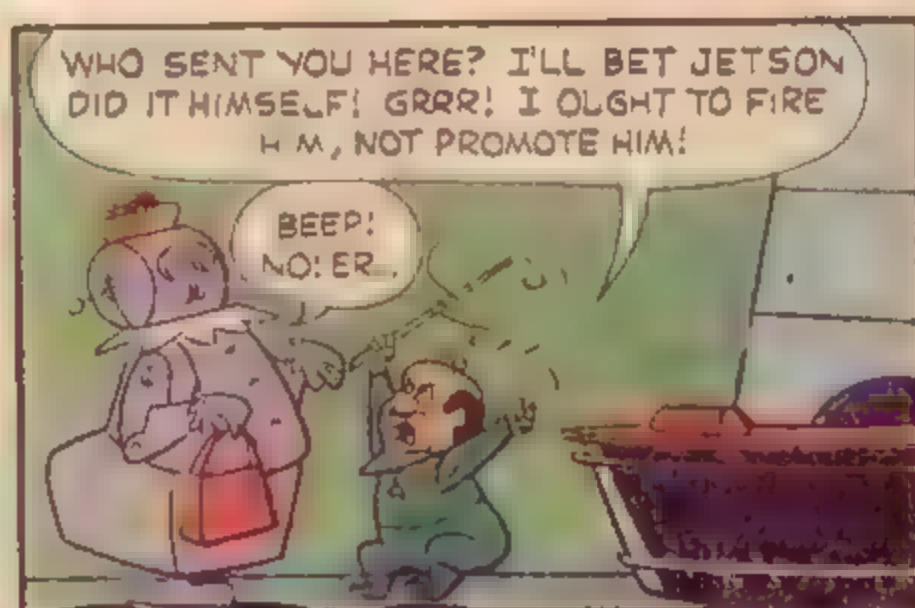
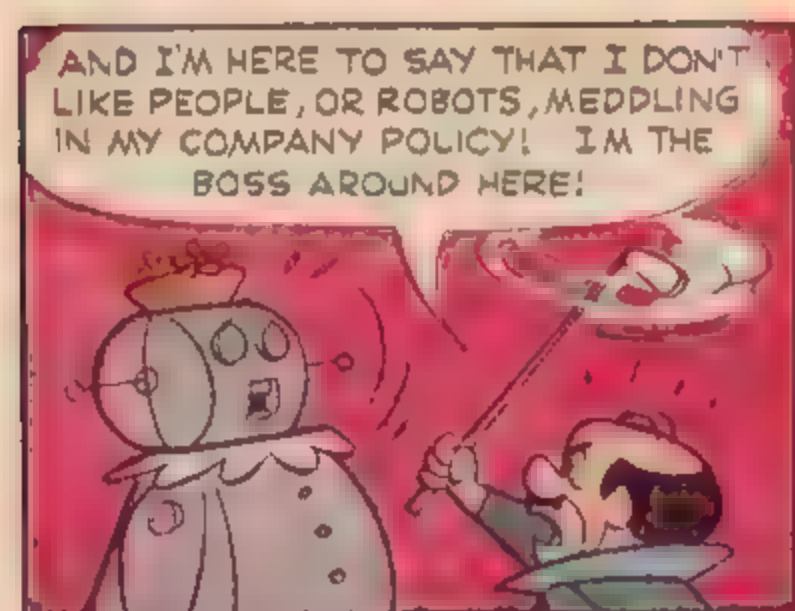
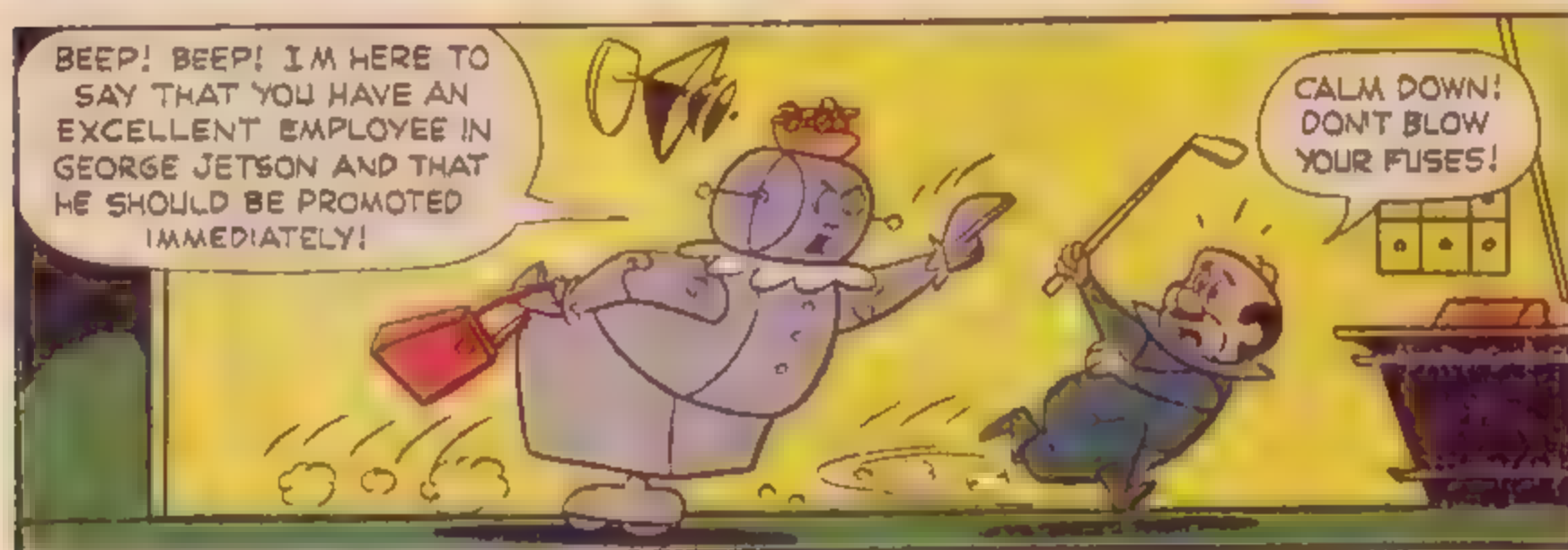
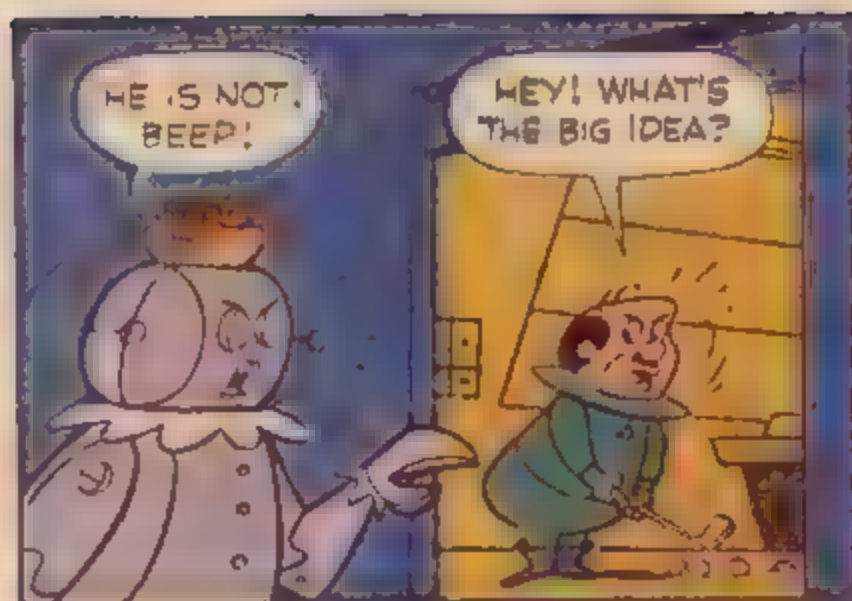
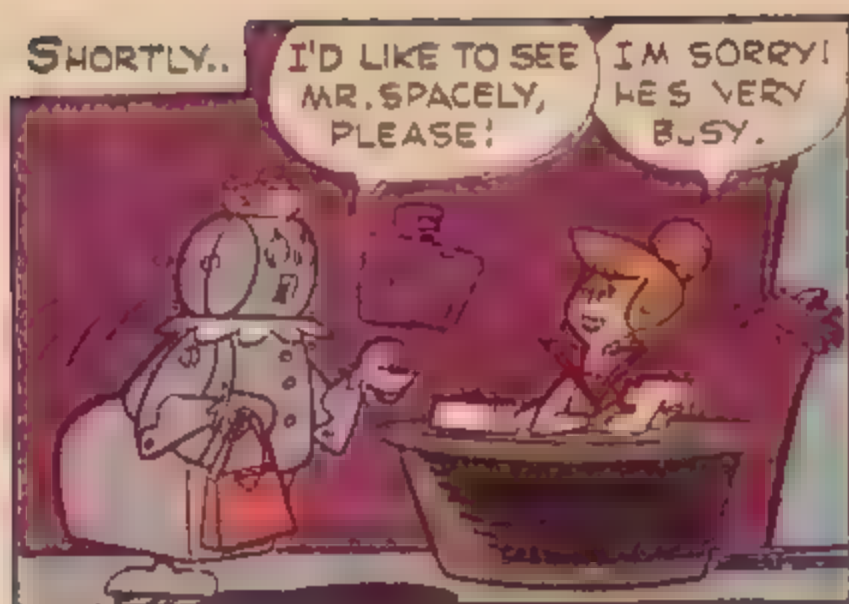


Hanna-Barbera ROSIE the ROBOT

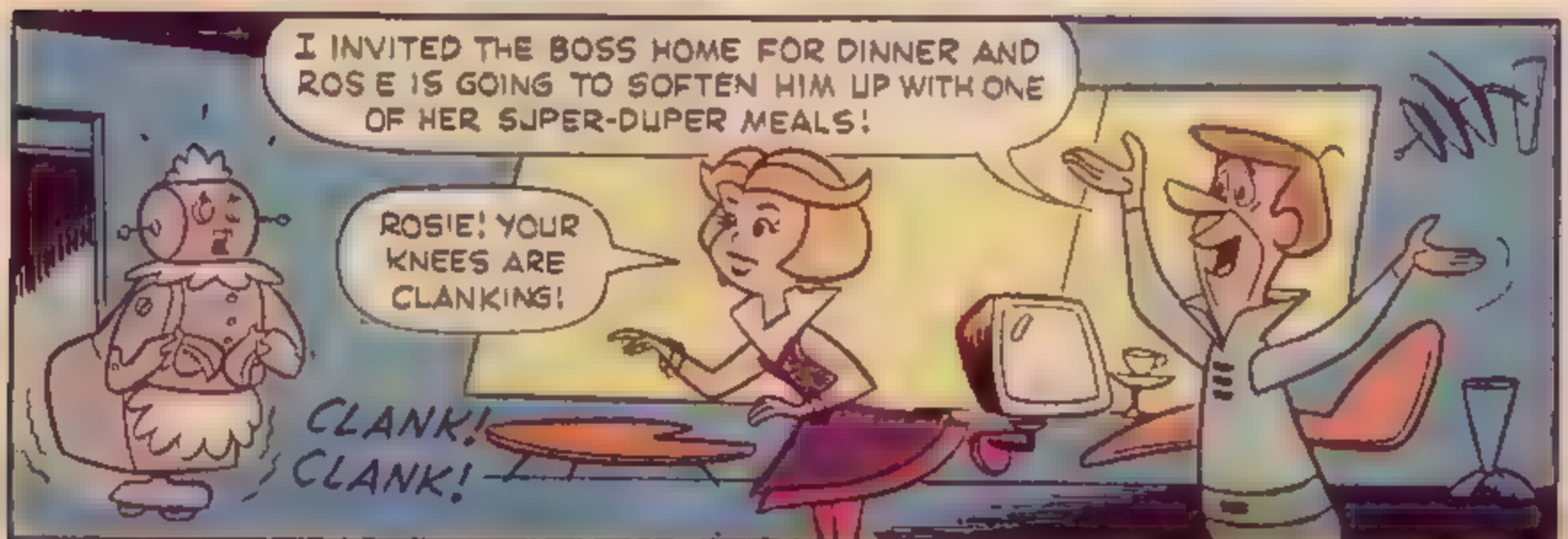
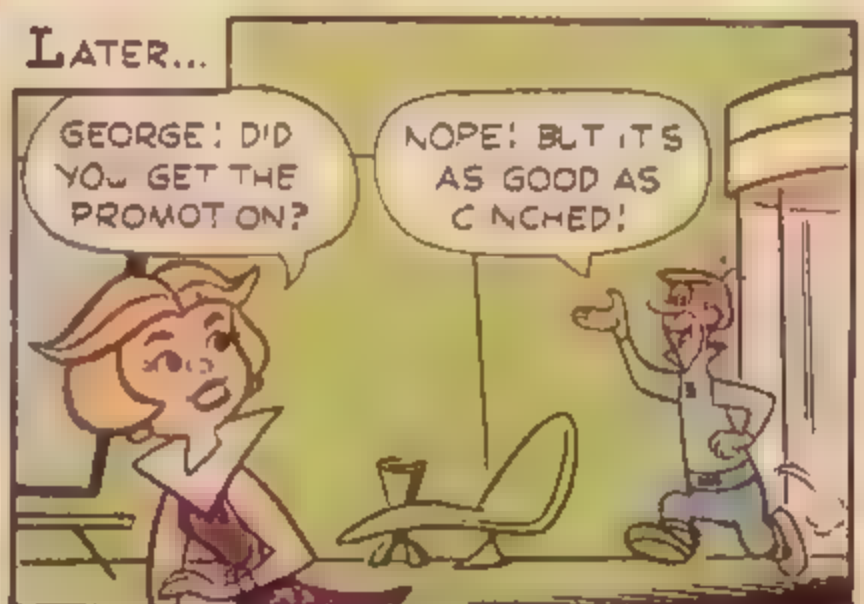
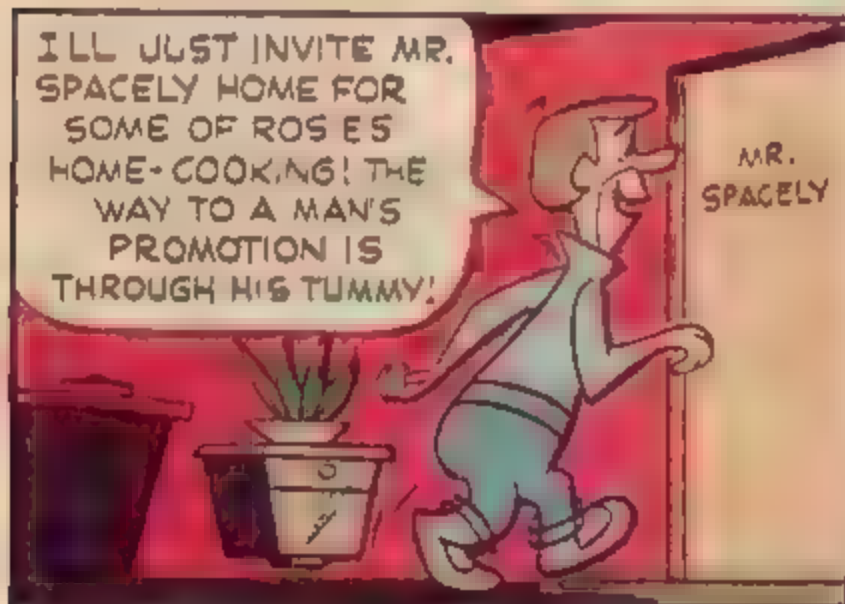
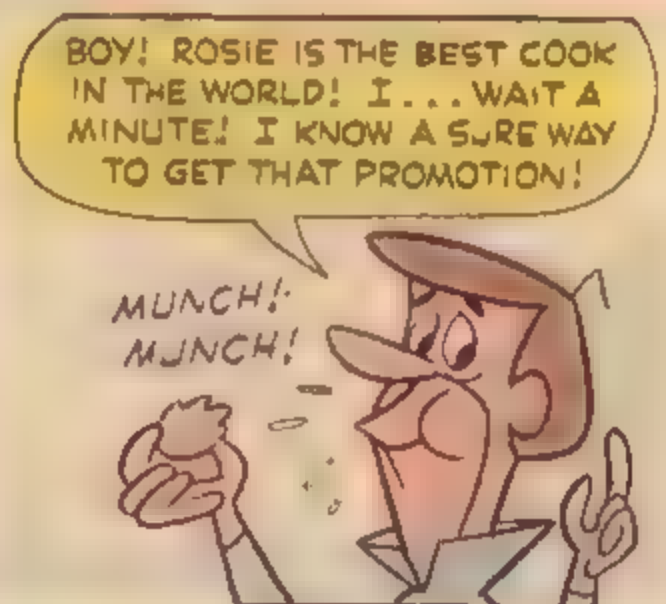
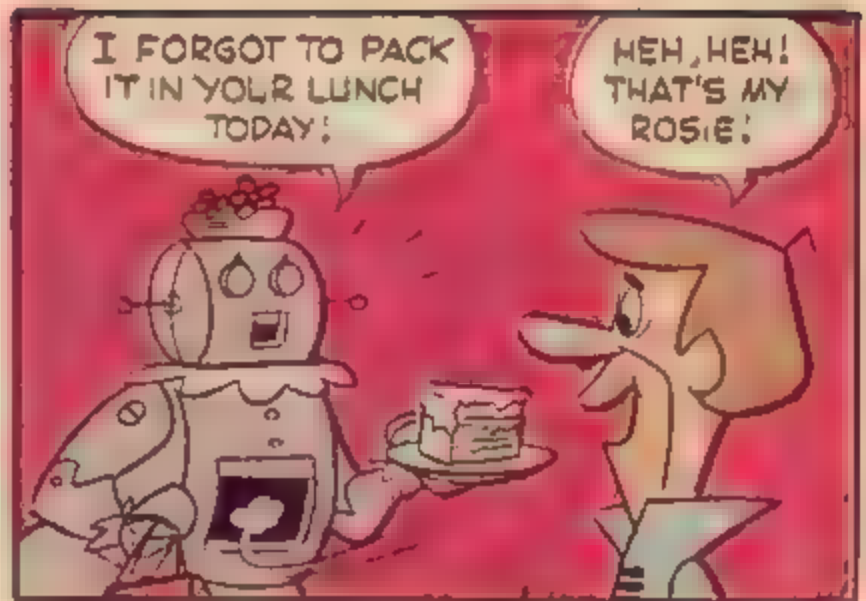
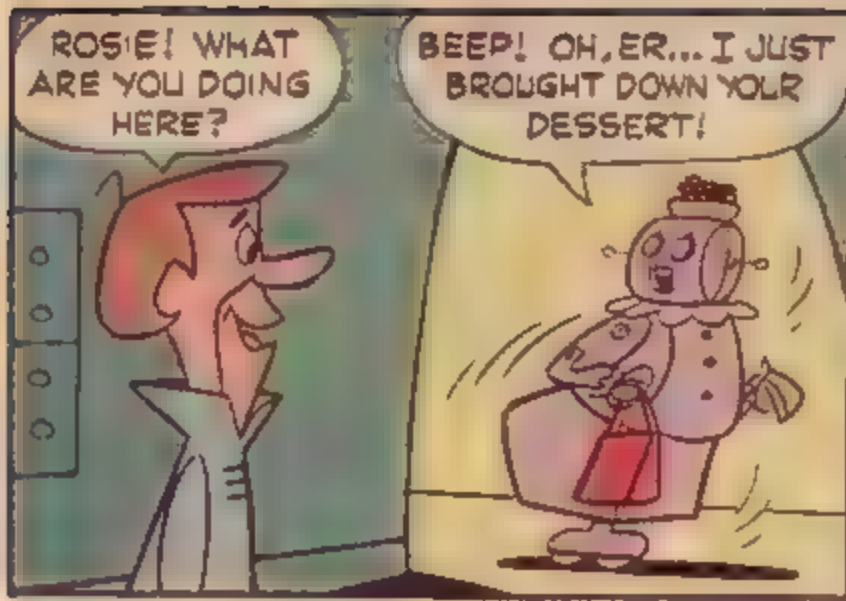
# NOSEY, BUT NICE



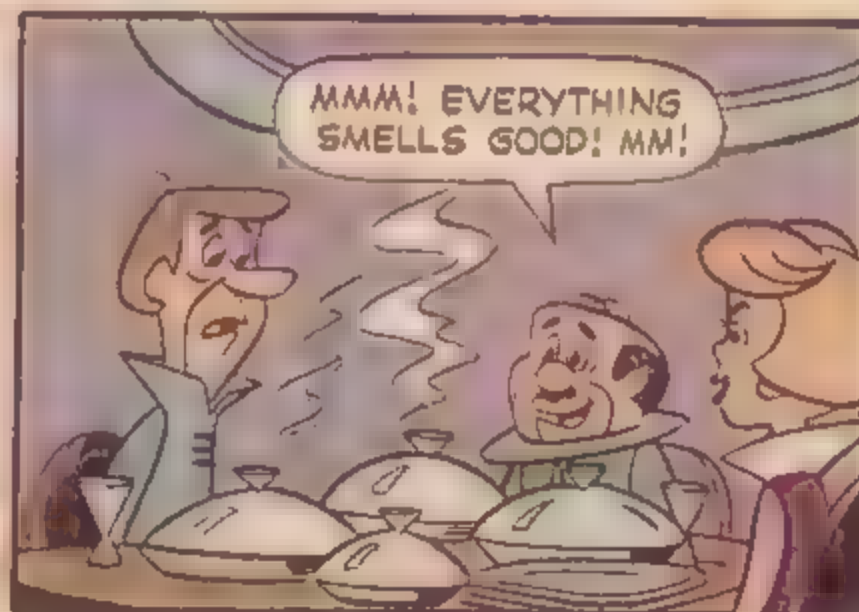
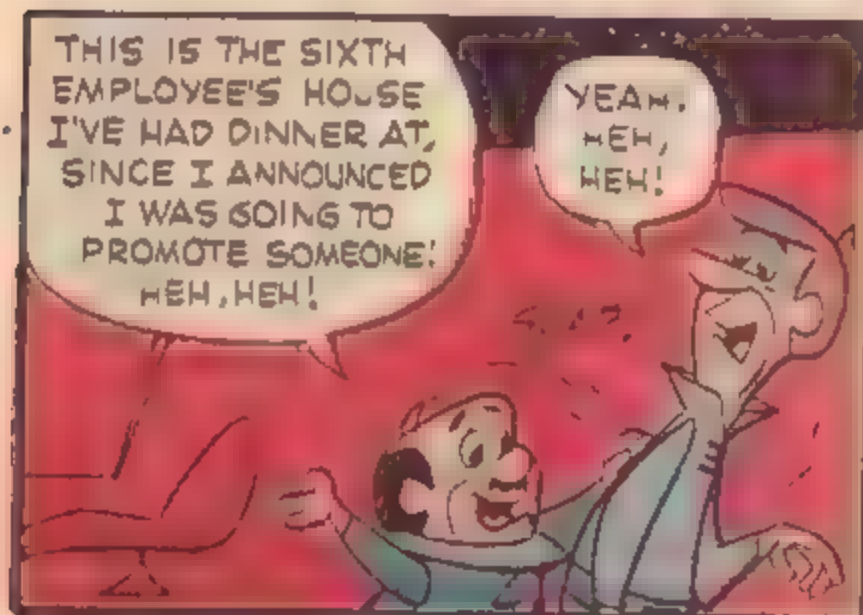
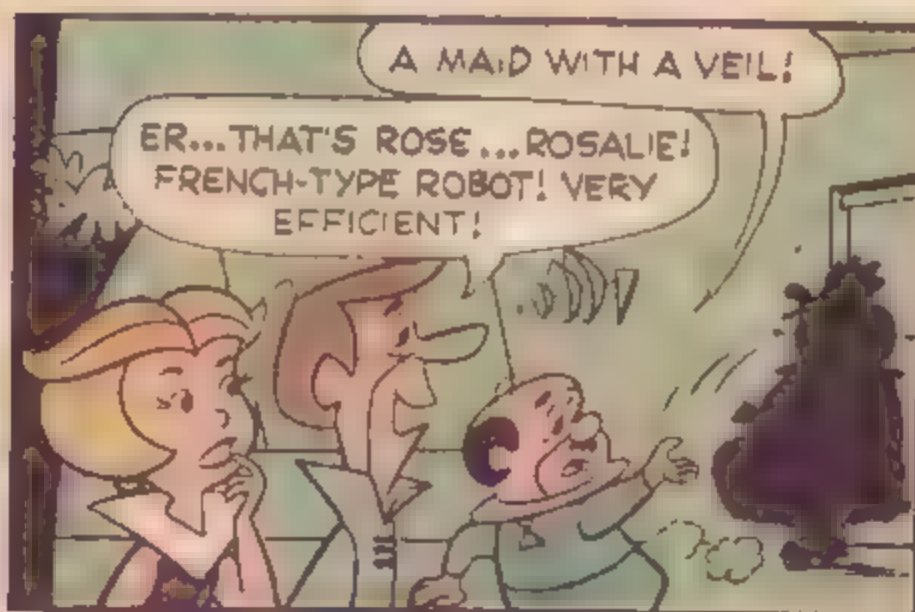
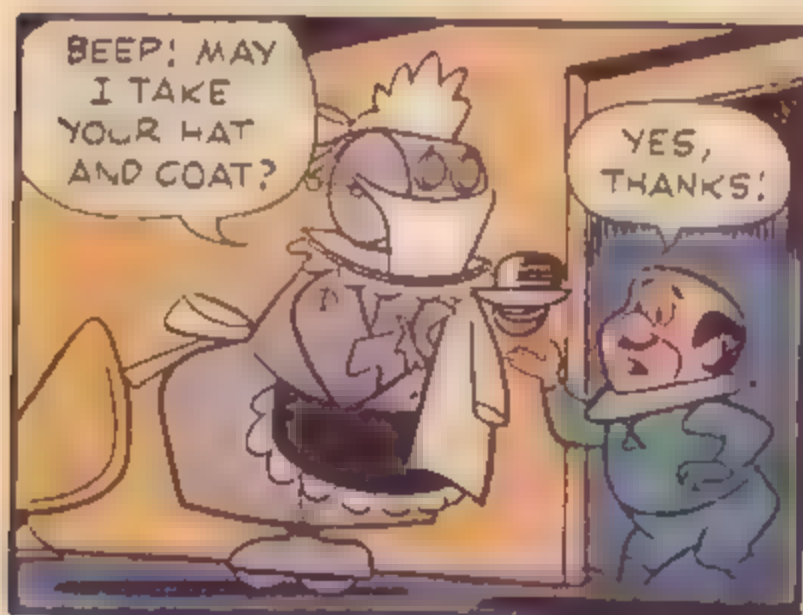
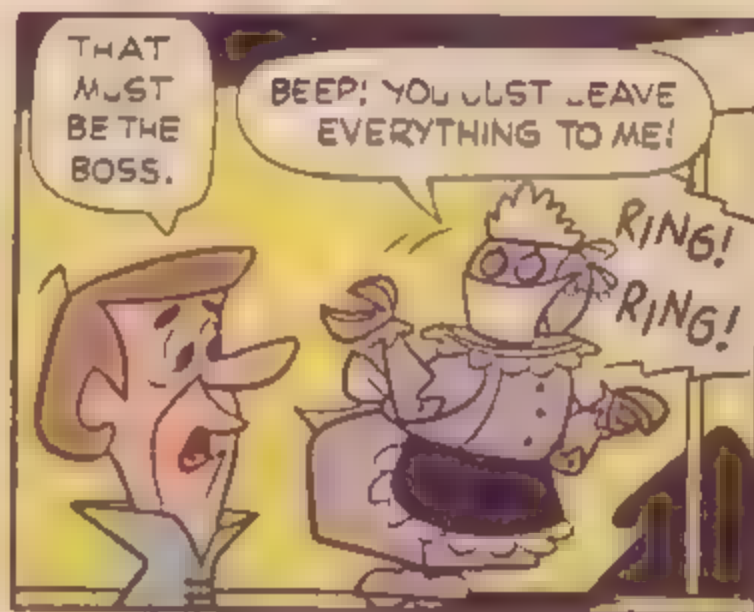
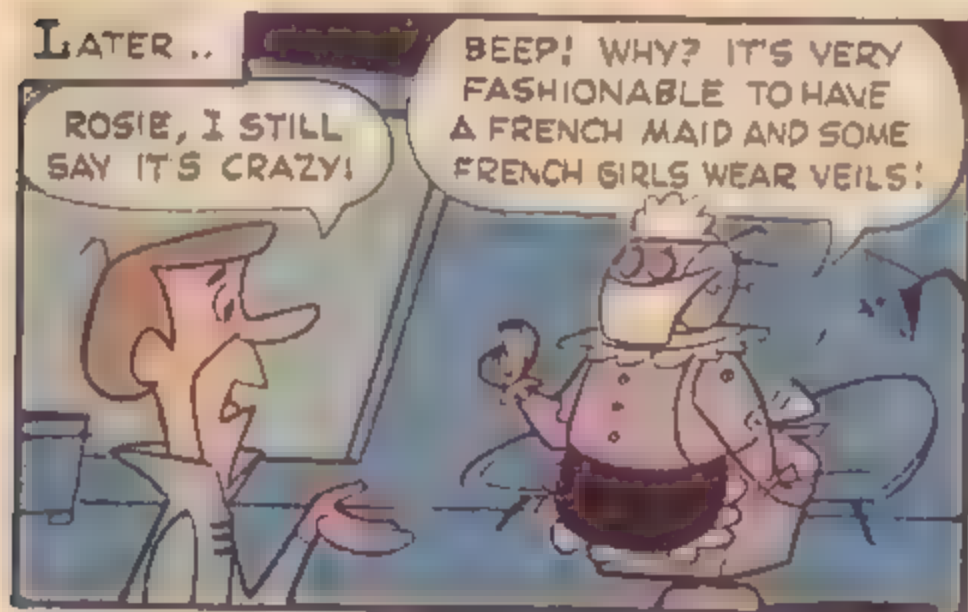
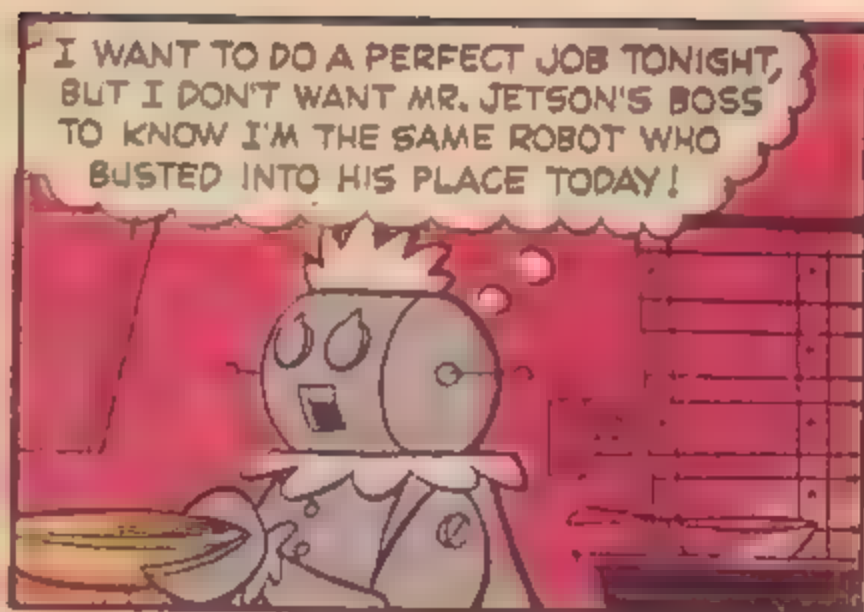
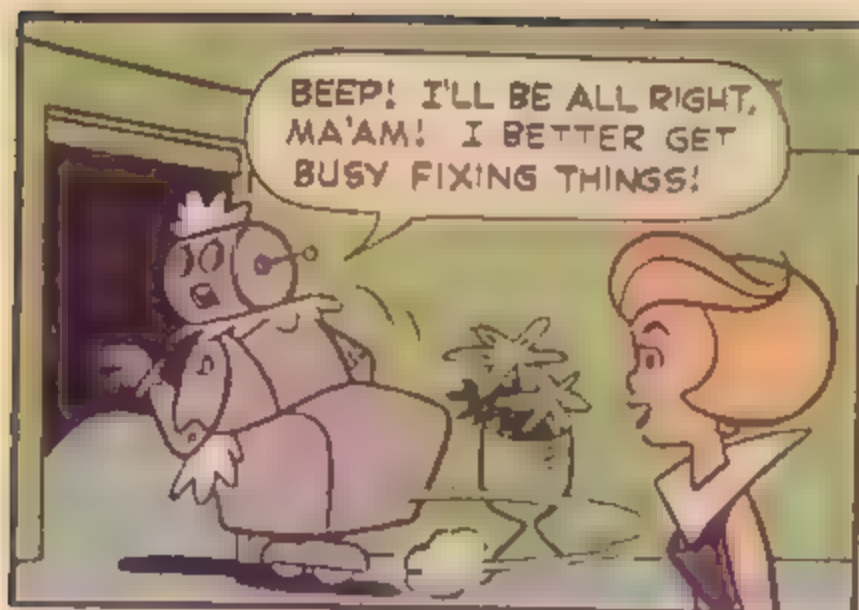




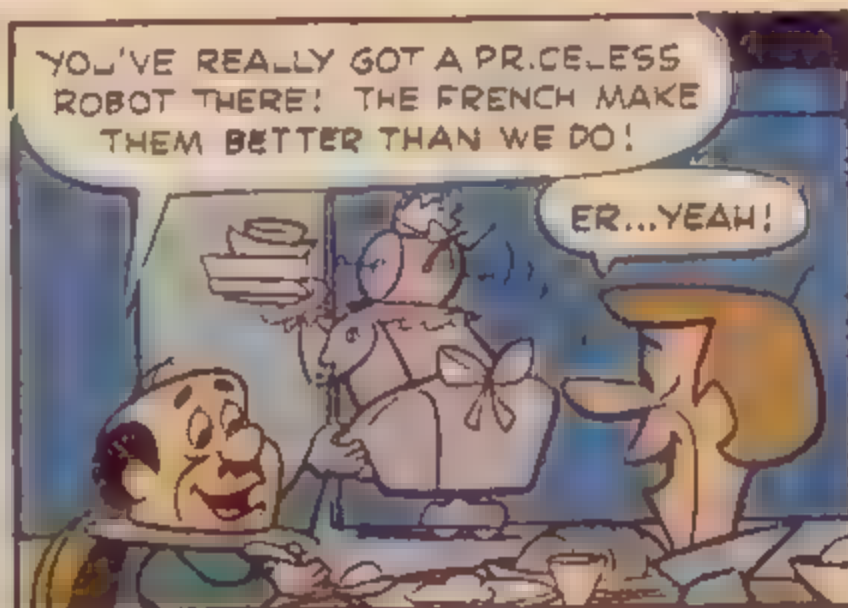
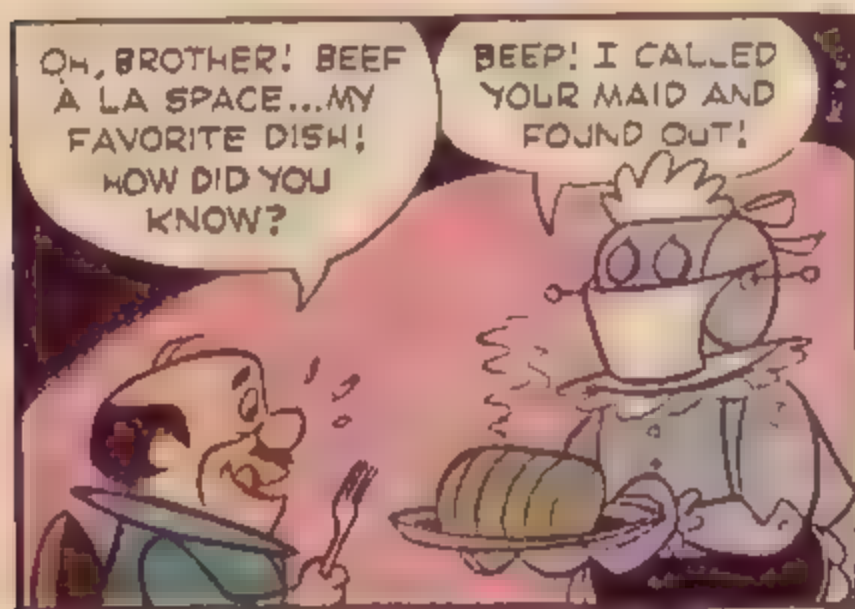
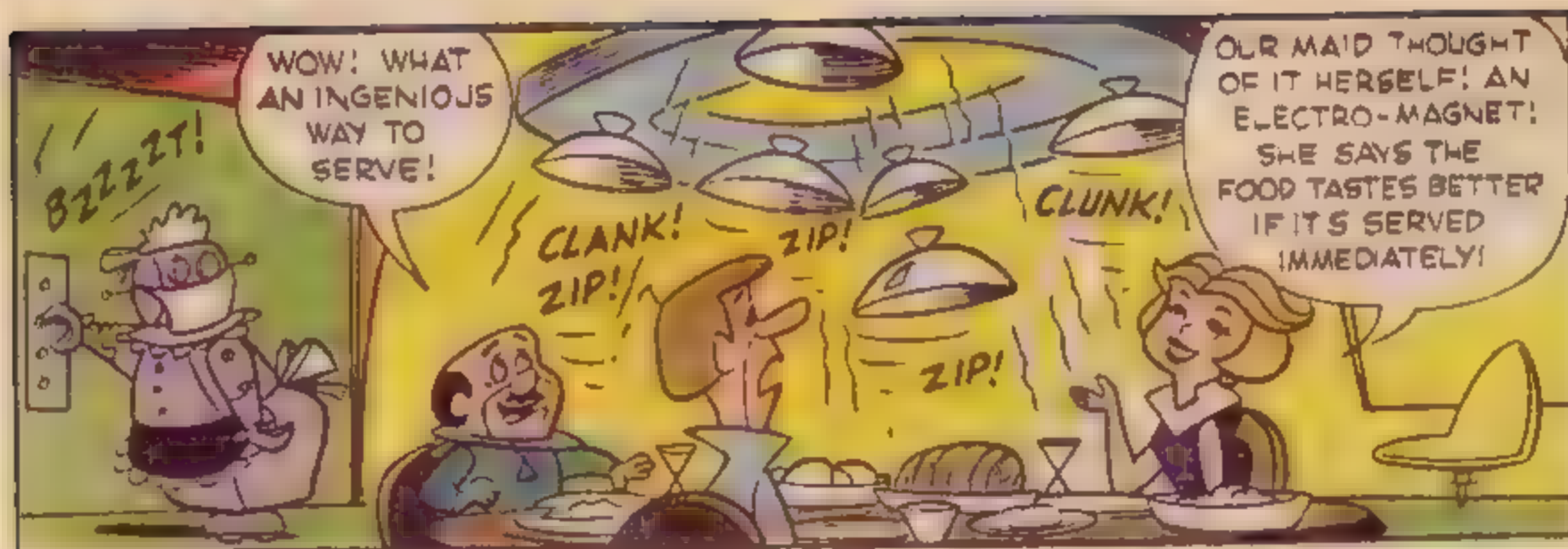




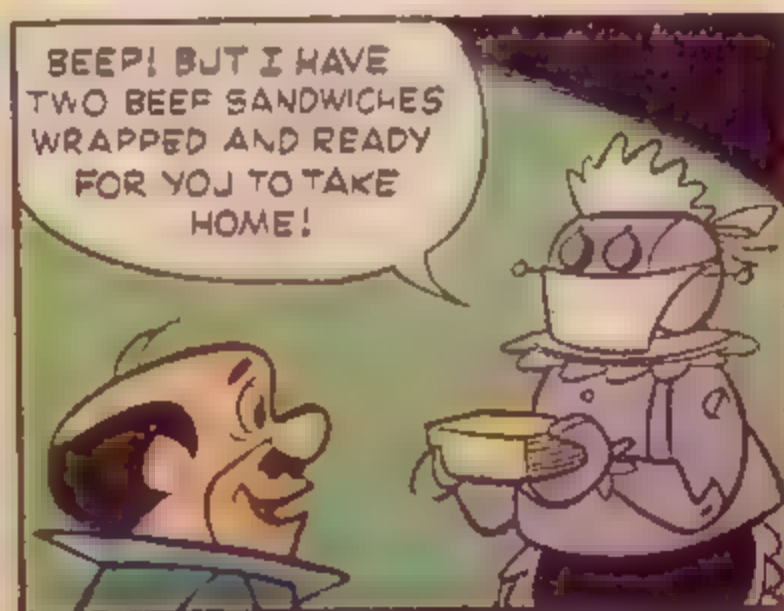
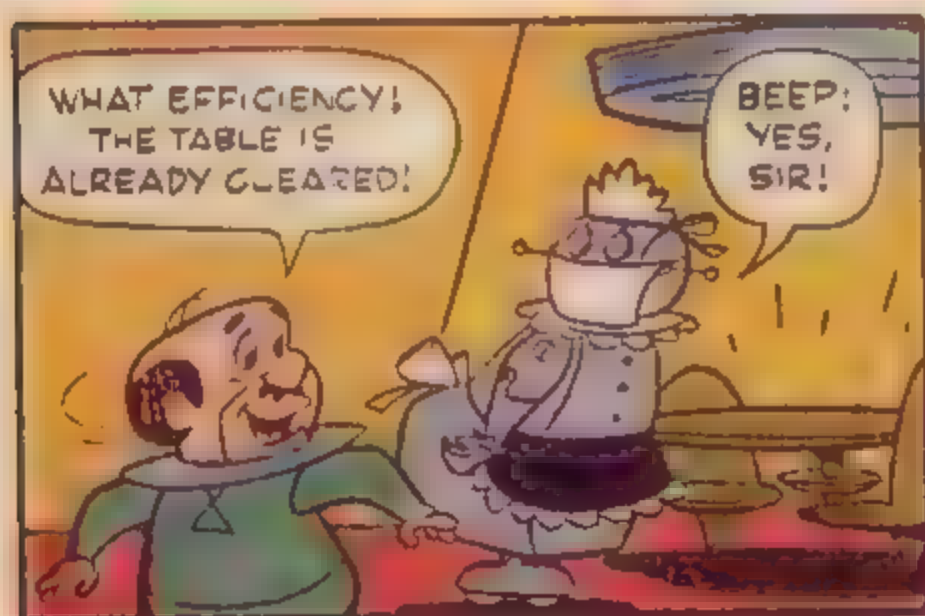
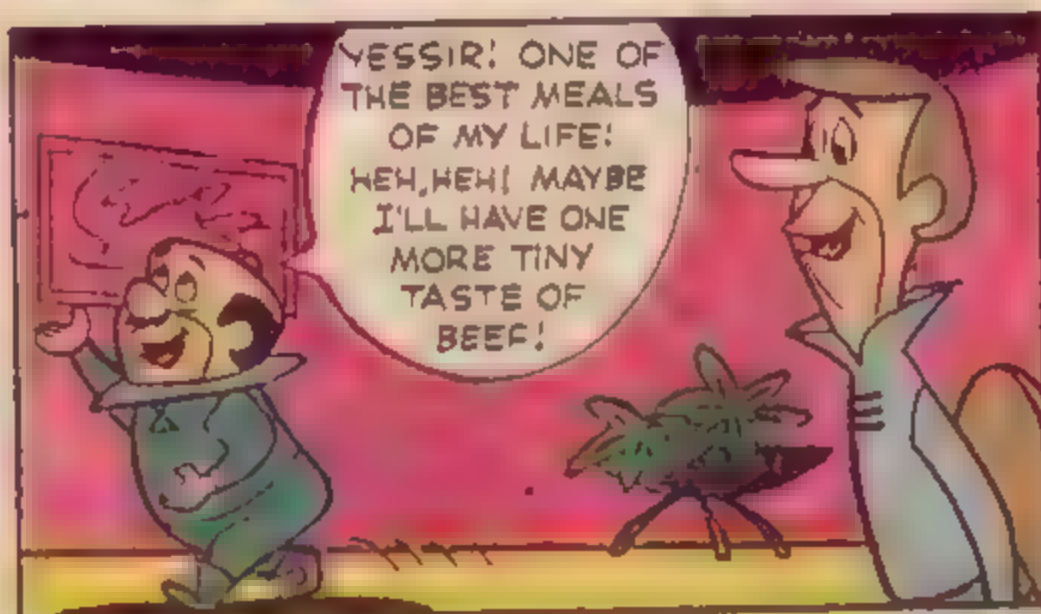
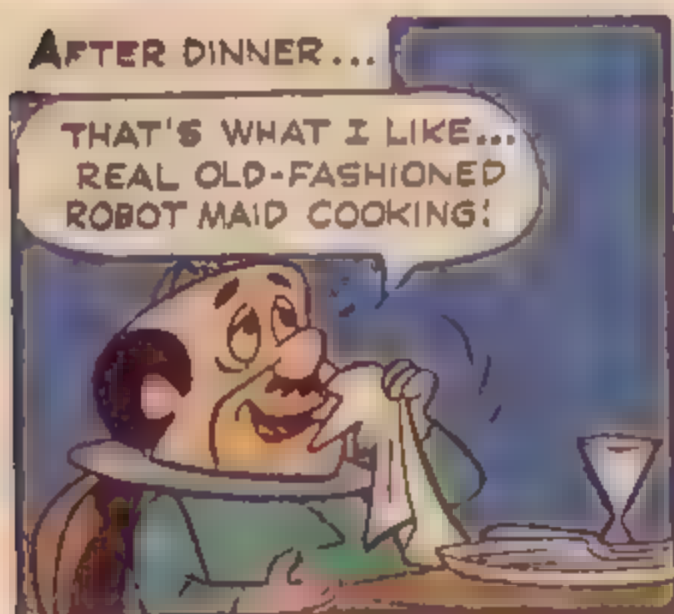




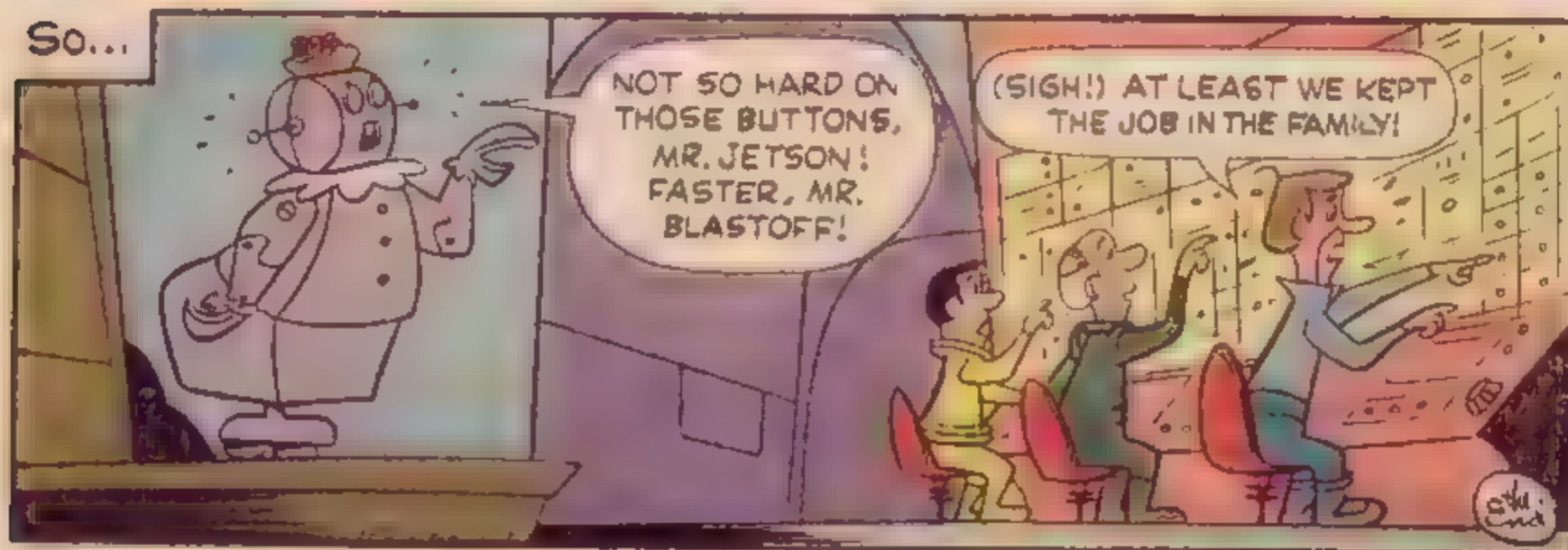
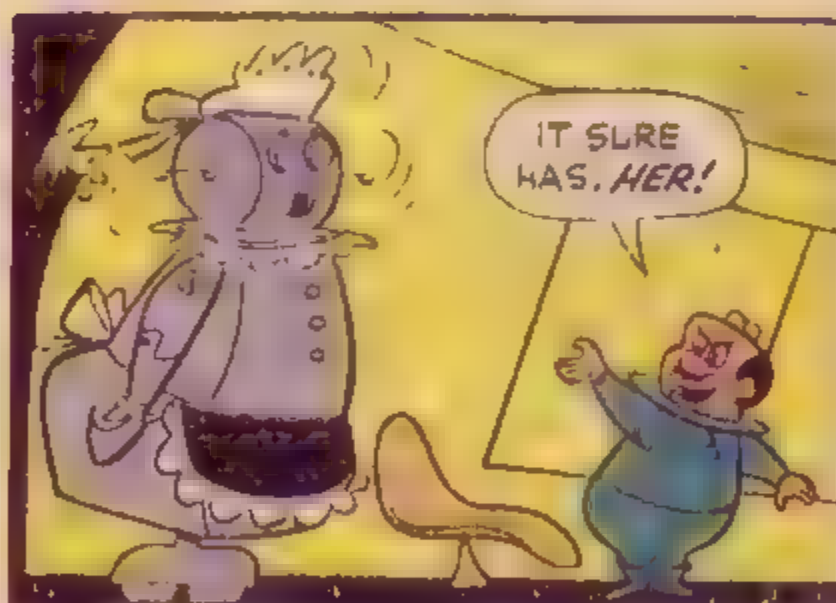
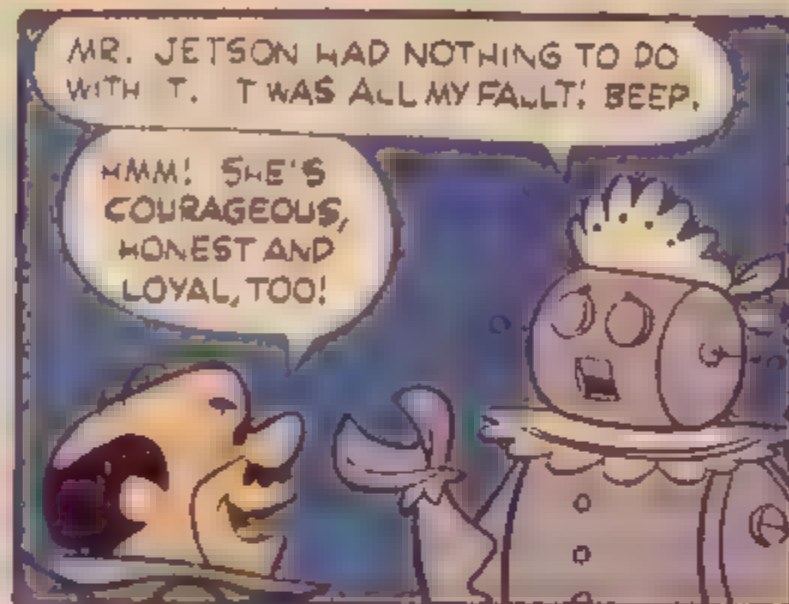
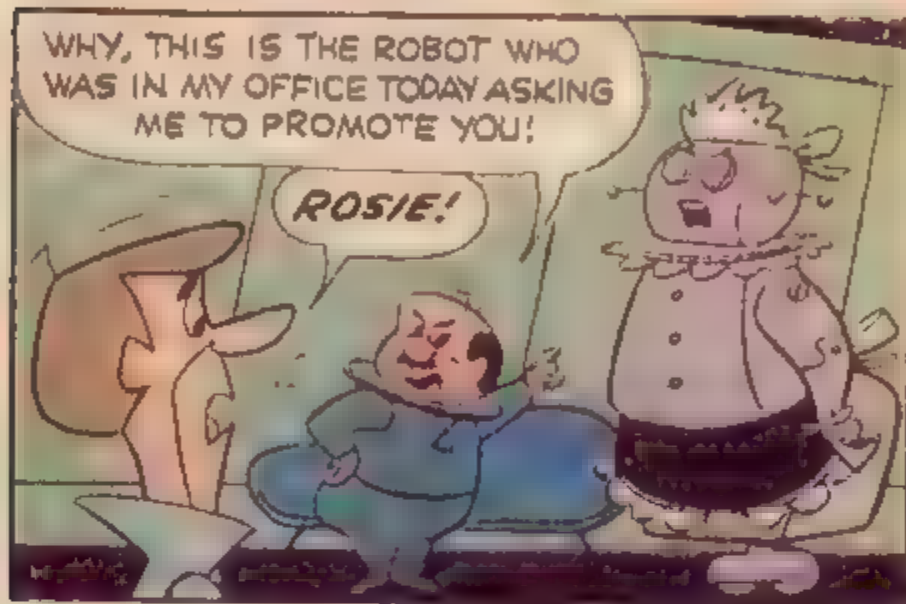
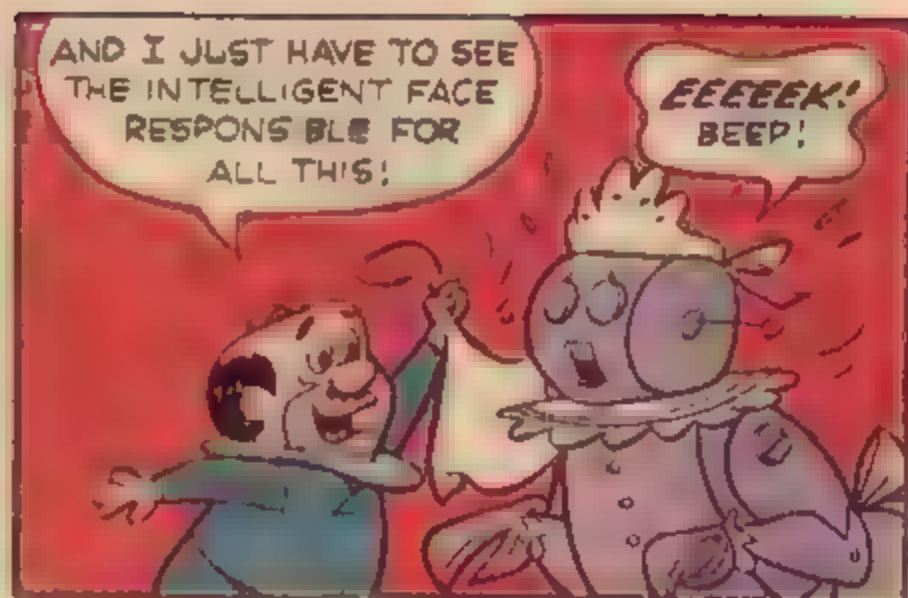
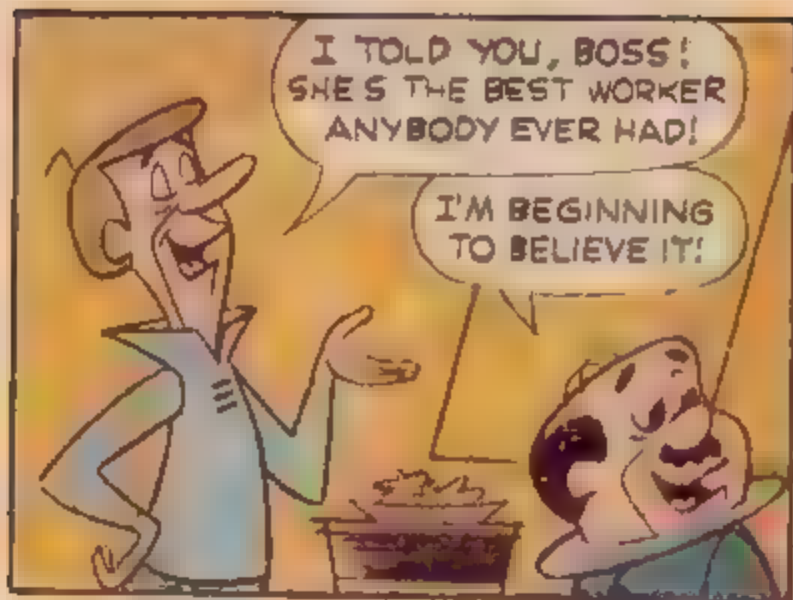




AFTER DINNER...

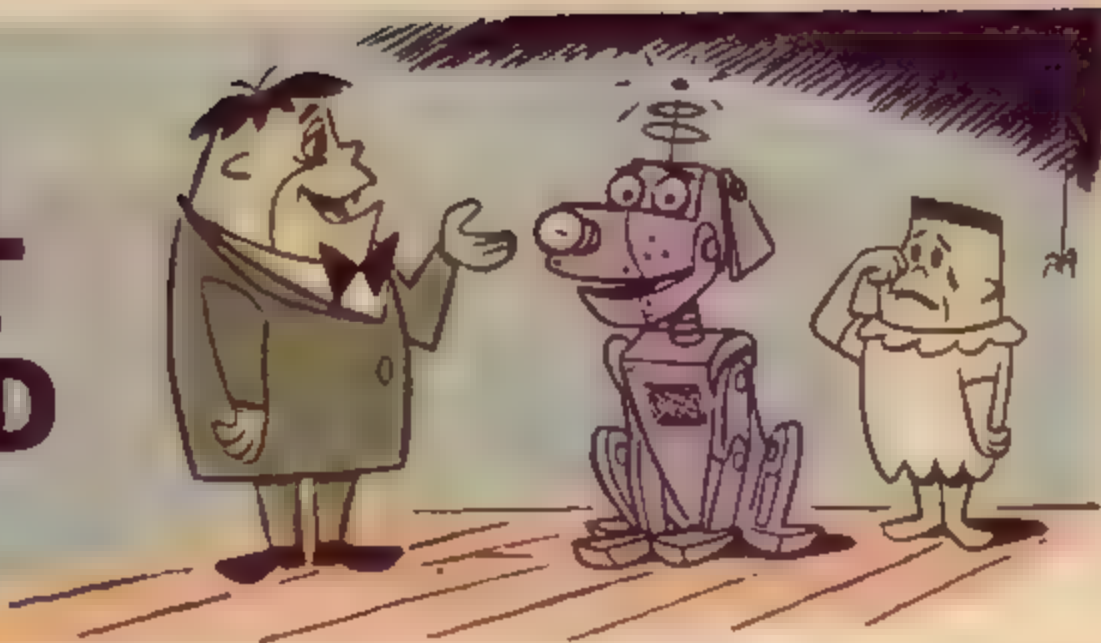








# THE LAST WORD



J. Evil Scientist and his lovely (lovely if you like witches) wife Goonda sat in their castle living room discussing what to get their little son Junior for his nine hundred and twelfth birthday. (Next year he will be a teenager.)

Like most of their friendly little discussions, the discussion started with a violent-type argument and developed into a not-so-quiet little riot.

"I say we should give him a poisonous gas set," yelled J. Evil Scientist, tossing a clever little homemade bomb at his shouting, screaming wife.

"And I say we gave him that last year!" Goonda yelled, as she quickly sidestepped the bomb and shot a hex from her fingertips, turning her husband into a frog. "He is tired of toy guillotines and things like that. What he wants is a dog!"

"Croaak, croaak . . ." croaked J. Evil.

"Drat! I guess I'll have to change you back. I can't get a good argument out of a croaking frog," complained Goonda.

So saying, she waved her hands and J. Evil was changed back to his natural looks. (If one could call his looks natural.) J. was glad to be himself again. The time before his wife was mad at him, she had changed him into a horse. The only reason she changed him back then was that oats became expensive after two months.

"I give up," he conceded. "We've been having this argument for years, and I have the scars to prove it. We'll give Junior a dog, but not the kind that scratches, sheds fur, and has fleas and stuff like that."

"Whattaya mean?" asked Goonda. "That's the way dogs come nowadays."

"You'll see. I'll give Junior his dog in the morning," replied J. Evil Scientist with a J. Evil smile.

J. Evil spent the rest of the night working in his laboratory. The next morning he presented Junior with a large package that was gaily wrapped in black crepe.

"Happy Birthday, Son!" the proud parents shouted, as Junior excitedly tore into the wrappings of the package.

Junior gasped at the present. It was a robot dog, complete with voice control, a gyroscopic tail, and miniature stainless steel mechanical fleas!

"All you do is speak into the microphone and the dog will do anything you tell it to do," boasted J. Evil. "Watch!"

He shouted into the control box, "SIT DOWN," and the mechanical mutt did just that. Junior just shed a tear.

"It's a nice dog, Pop, but it's not like a real live dog," sniffed Junior.

"Of course it isn't," agreed his mother. "Only a mean and miniature mind like your father's could dream up a gift like that!"

"Oh, go jump in the lake," J. Evil tactfully shouted.

"Woof!" the robot dog barked as it took off, smashing through the castle door. It ran outside and jumped right into the middle of the old mill pond, sinking rapidly to the murky bottom.

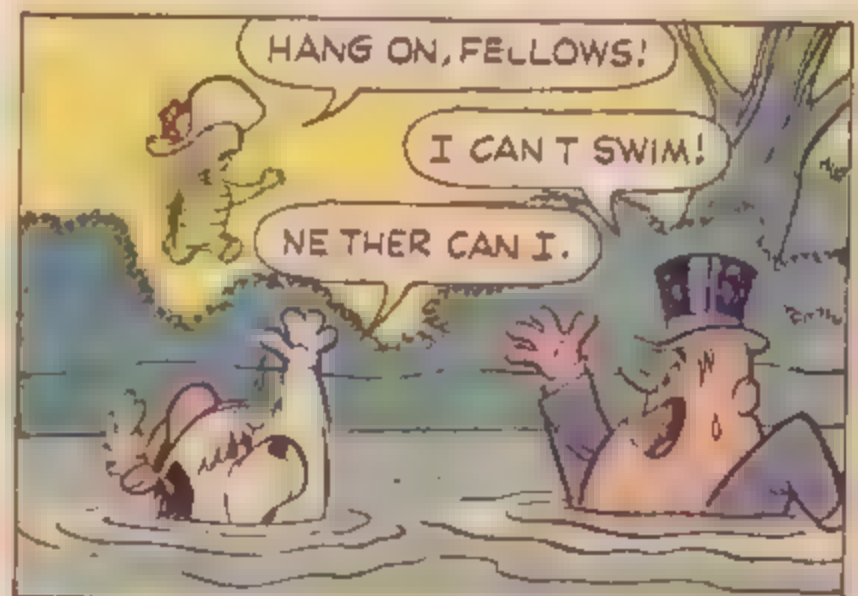
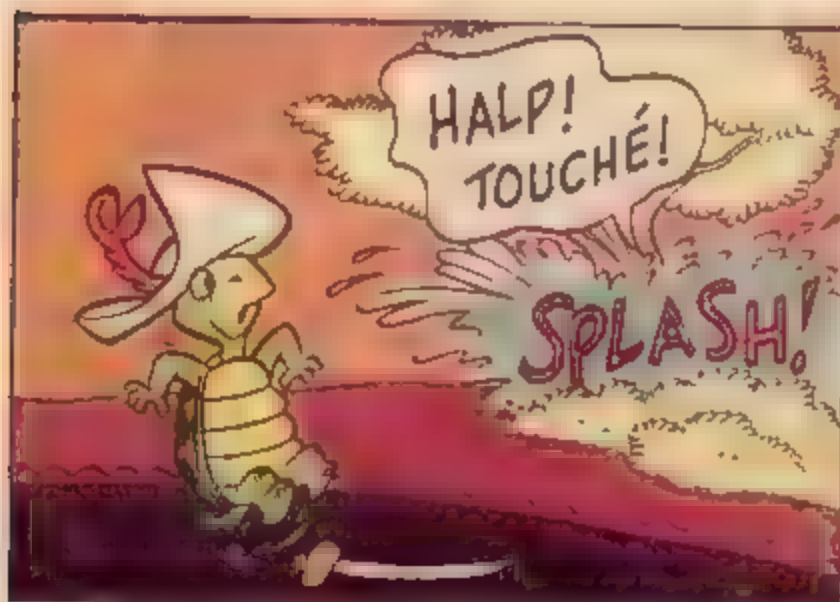
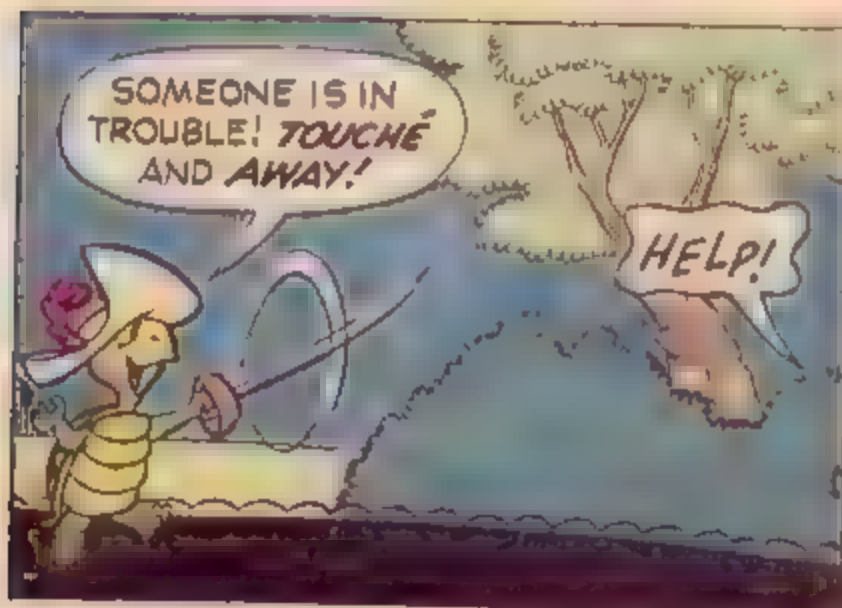
"Ha, ha!" laughed Goonda. "That dog did exactly what you said. Now it will be all ruined and rusty, so we'll have to buy a real dog for Junior now."

"BAH!" was the last word heard from J. Evil Scientist, as he angrily stalked out of the castle, heading for the pet shop.

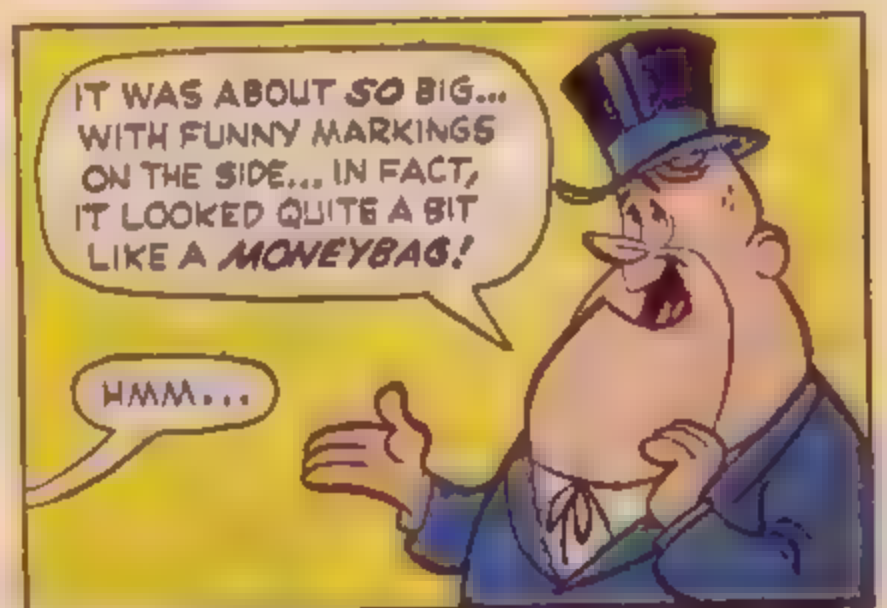
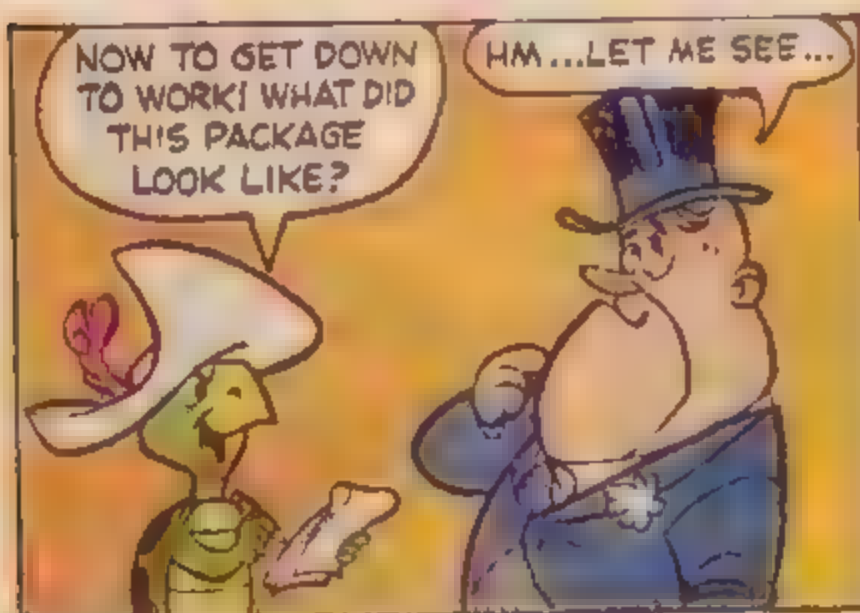
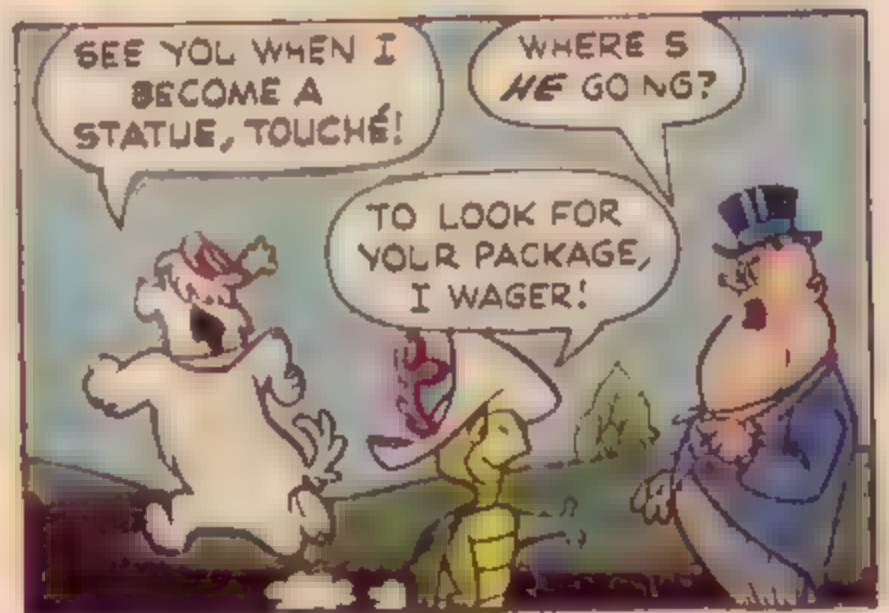
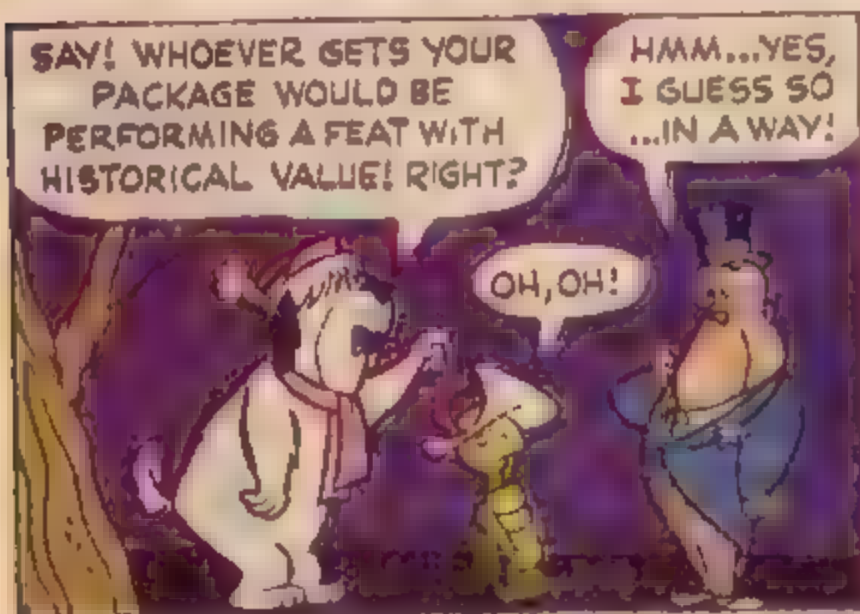
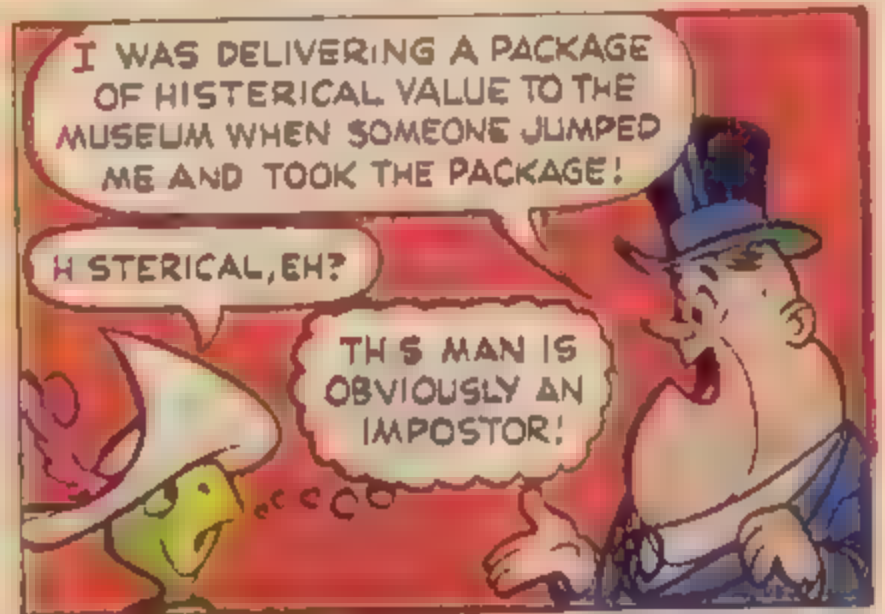
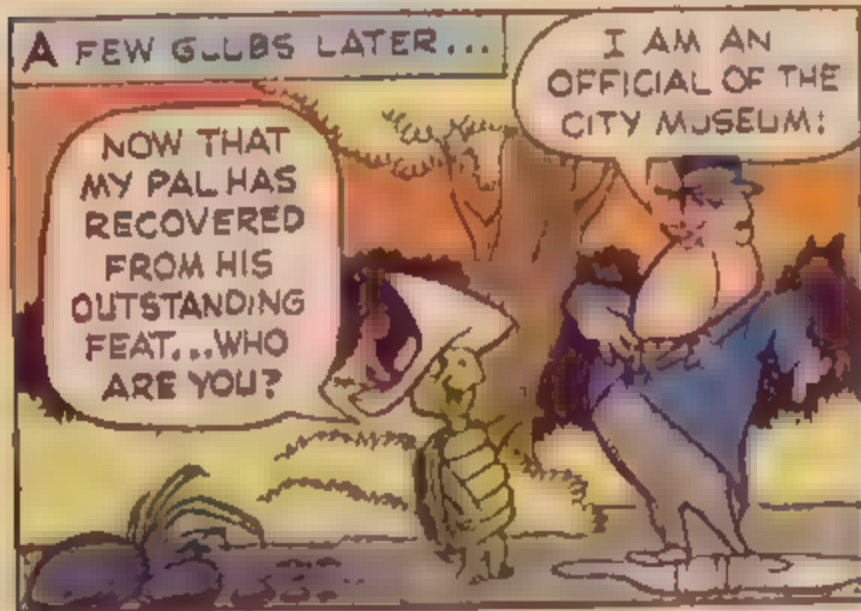
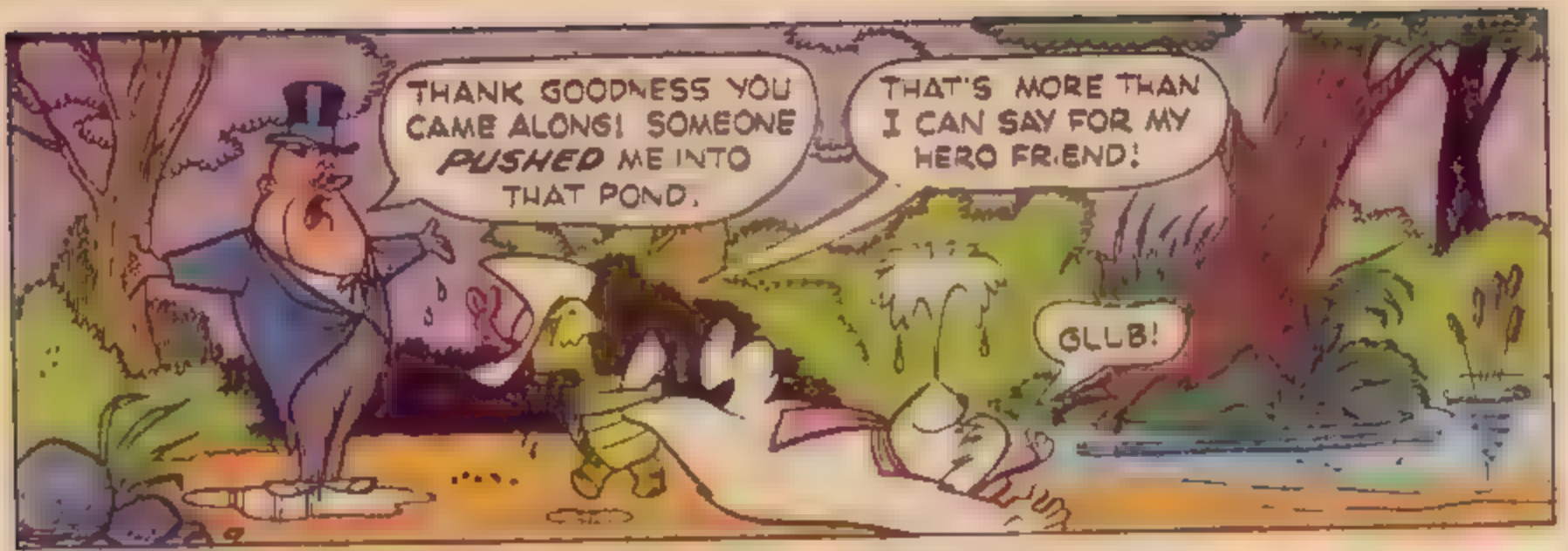


Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM**

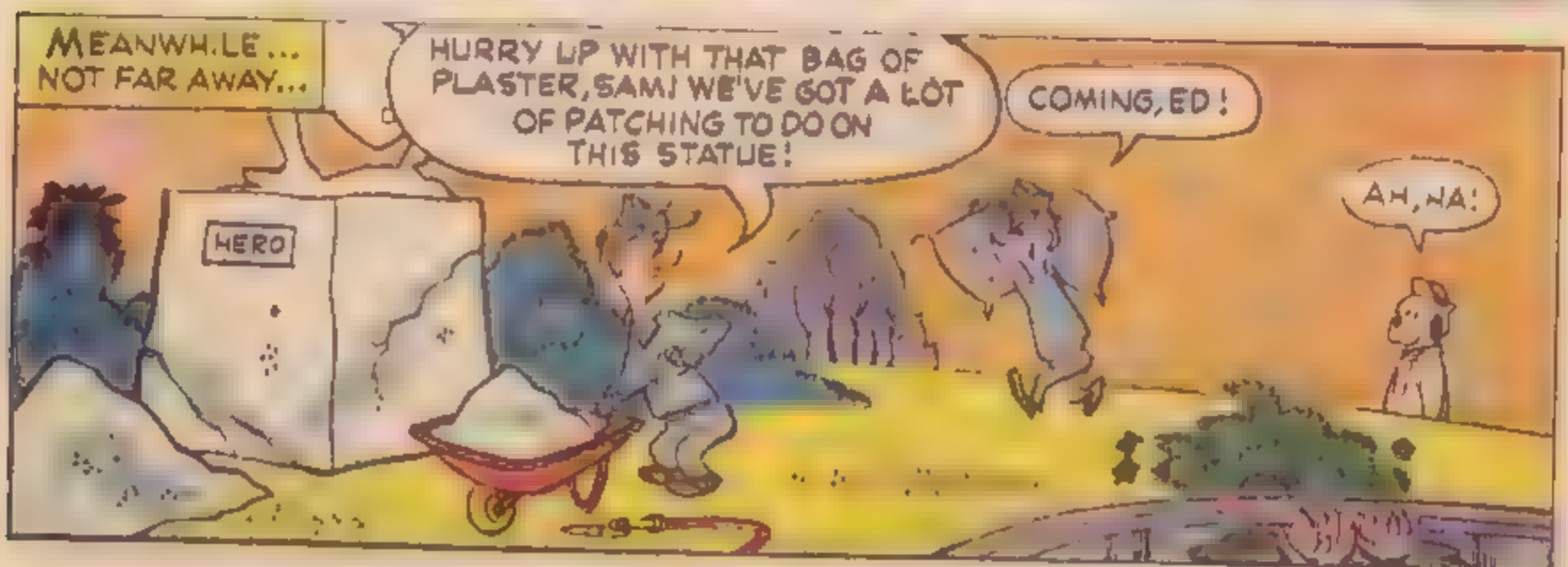
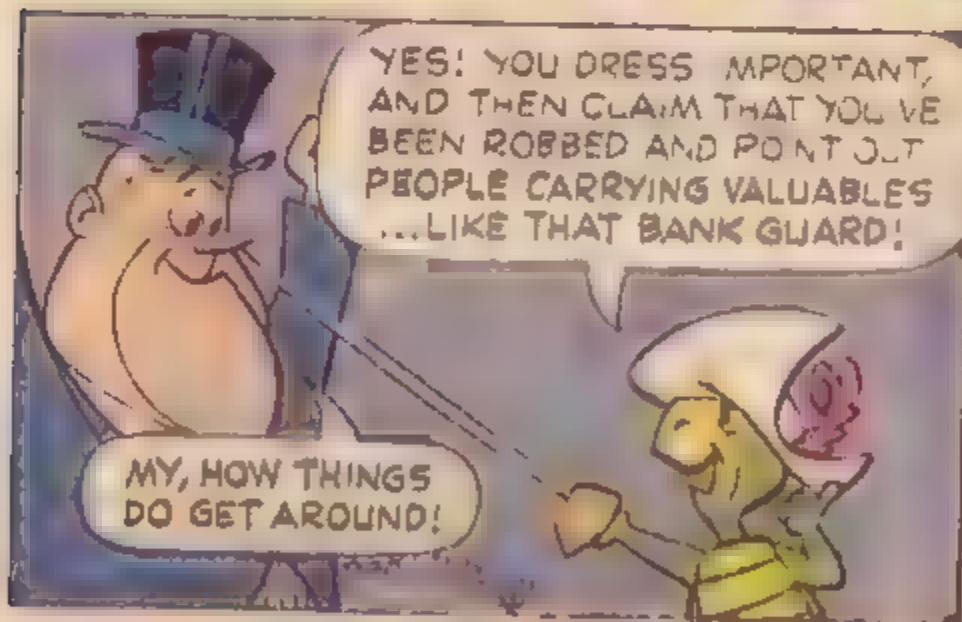
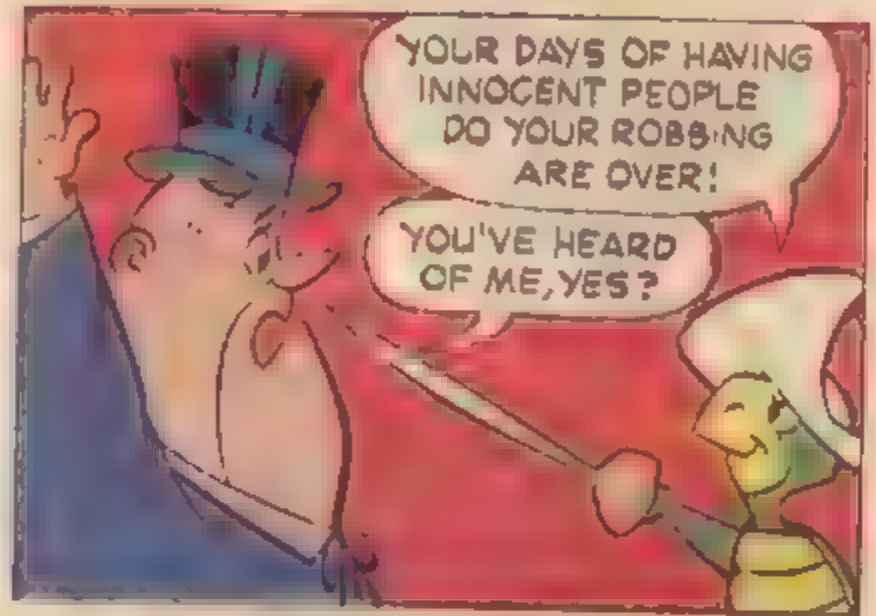
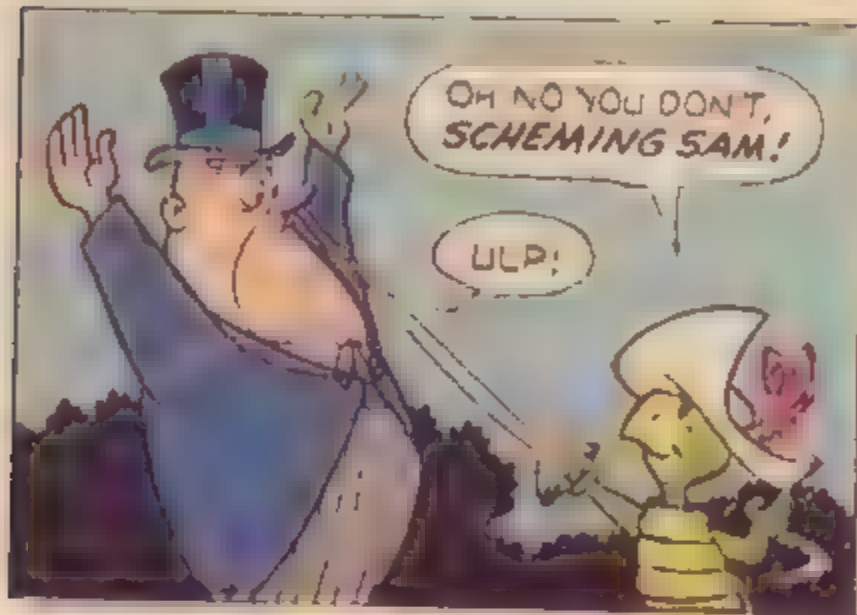
# EASIER SAID THAN DONE



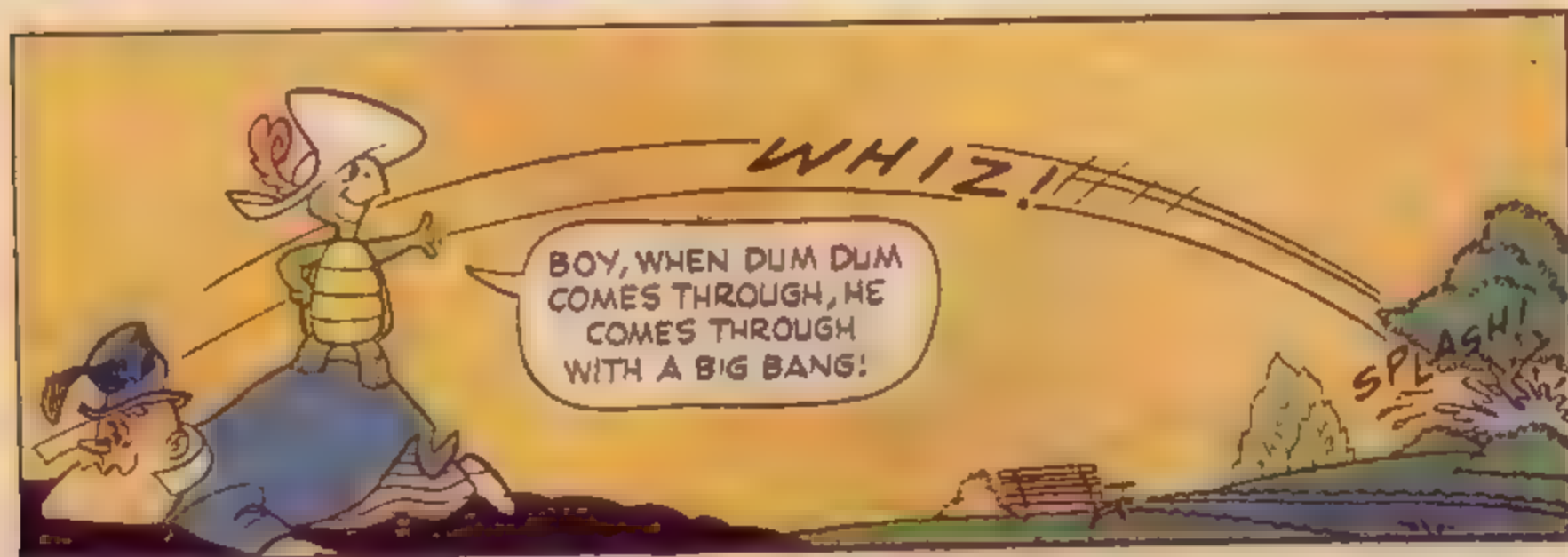
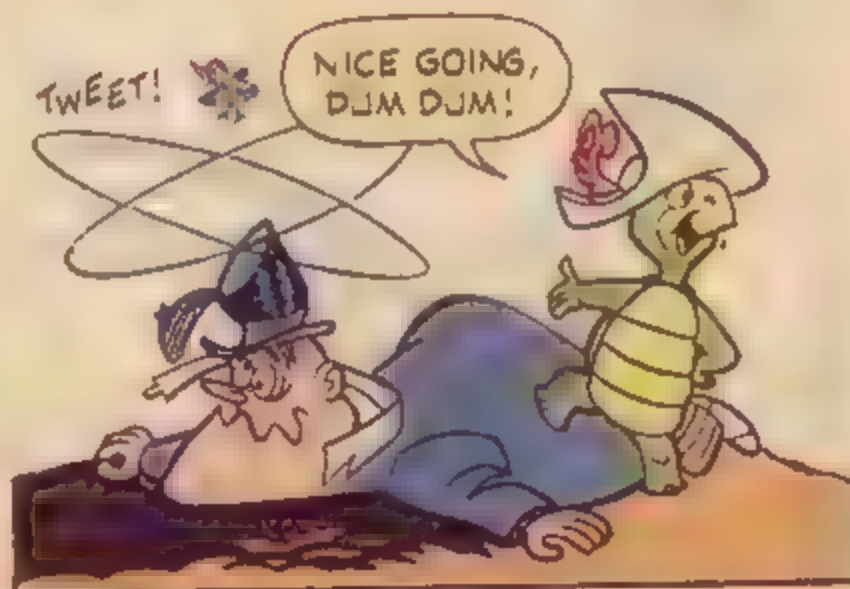
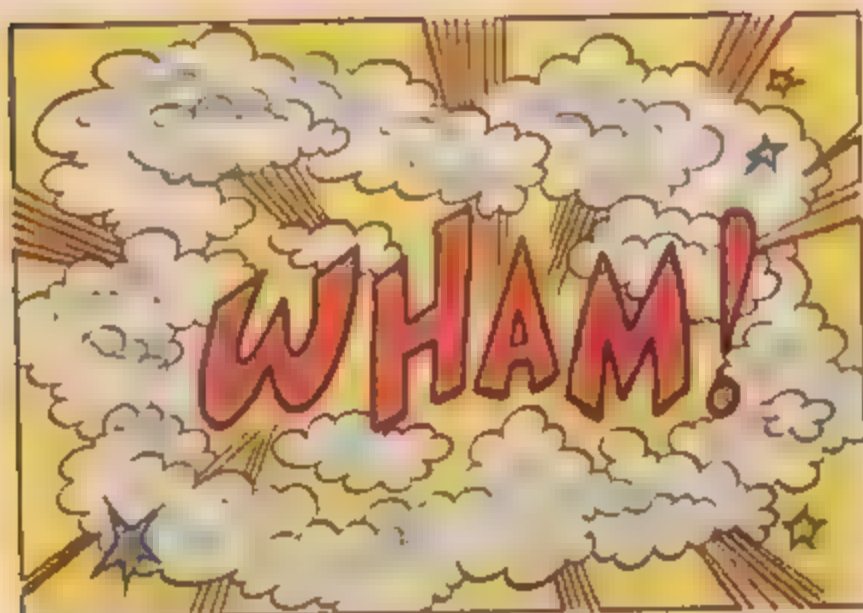
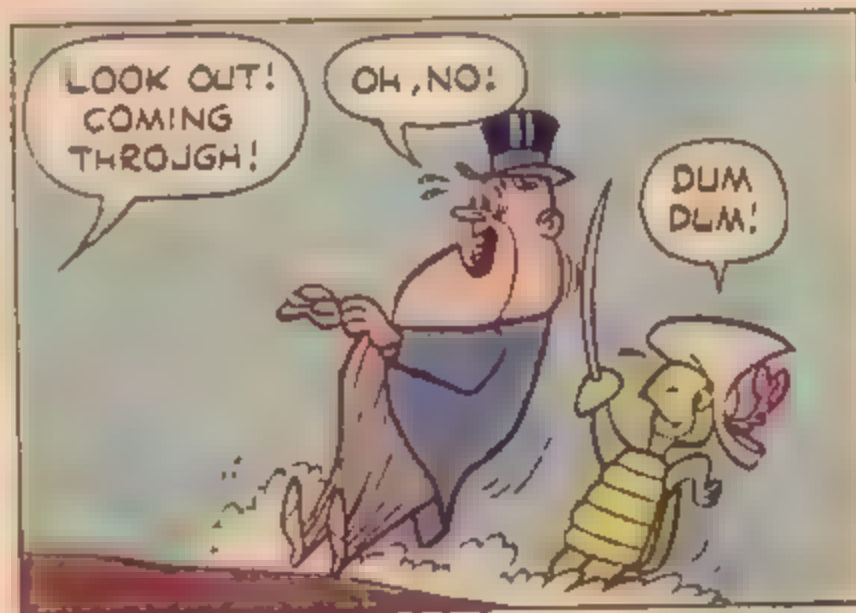
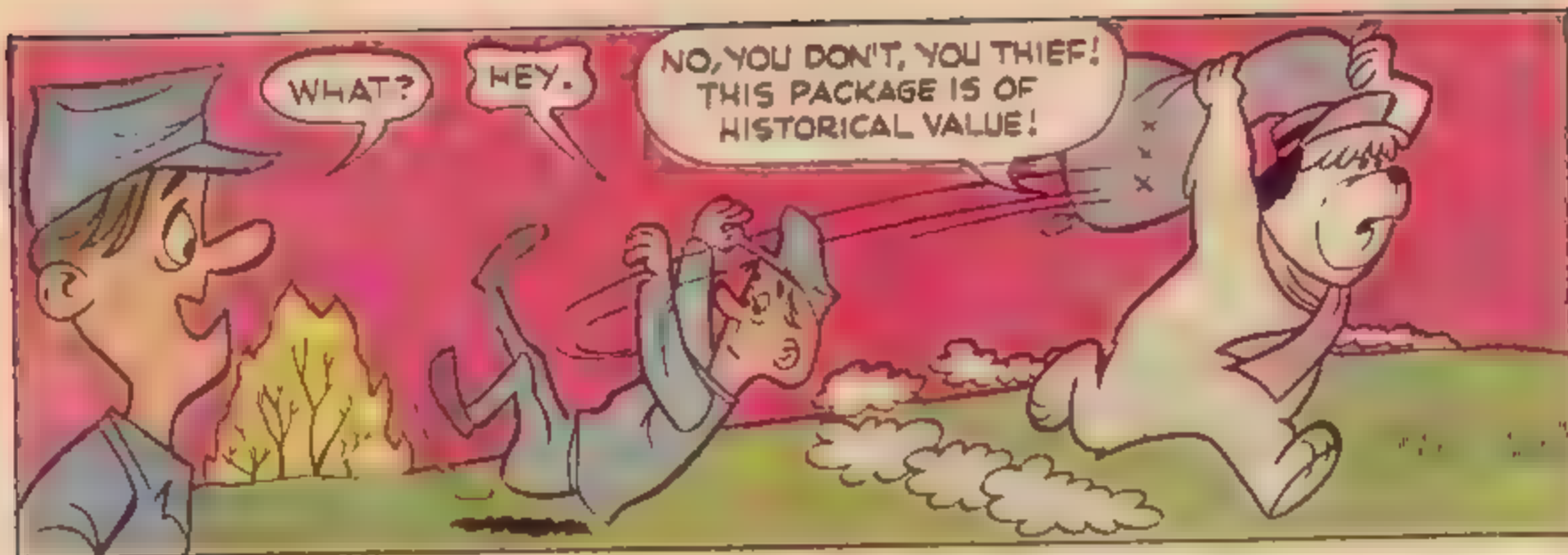




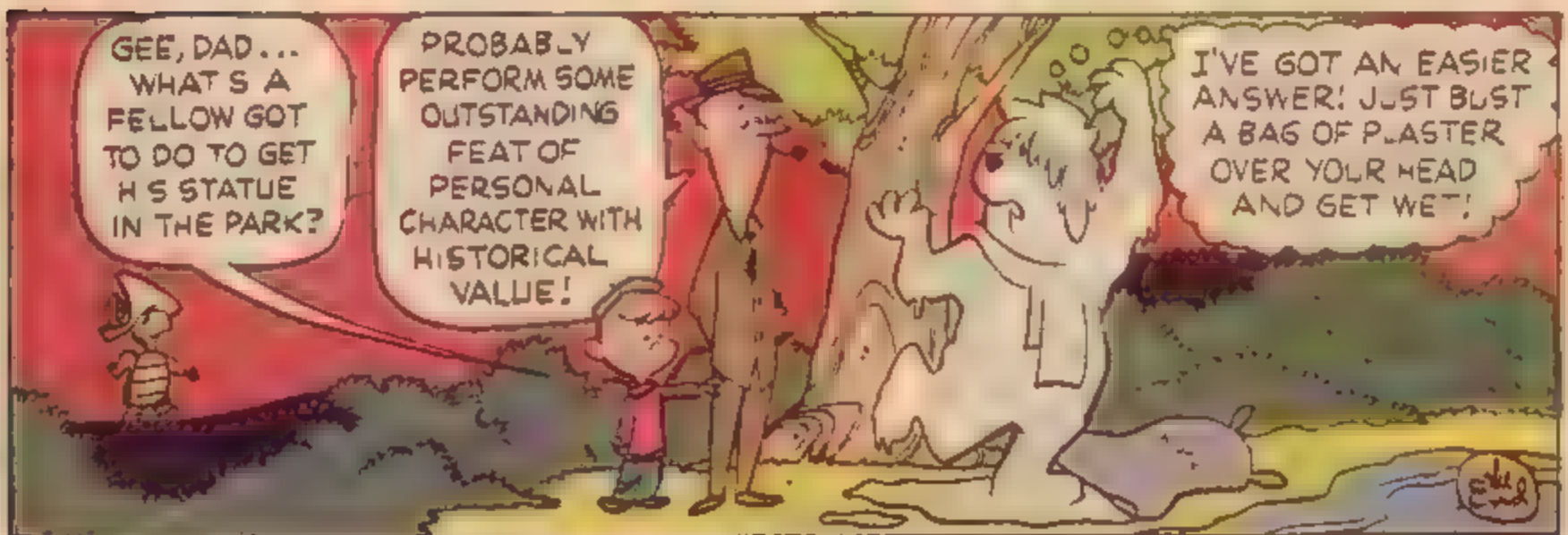
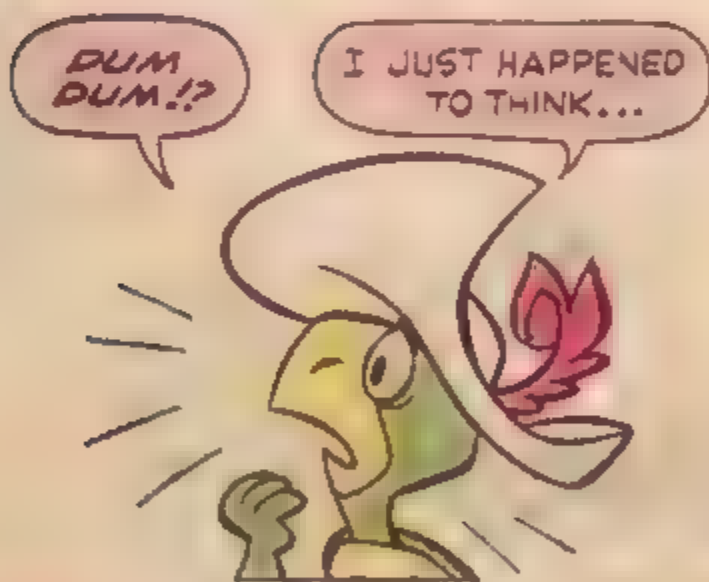
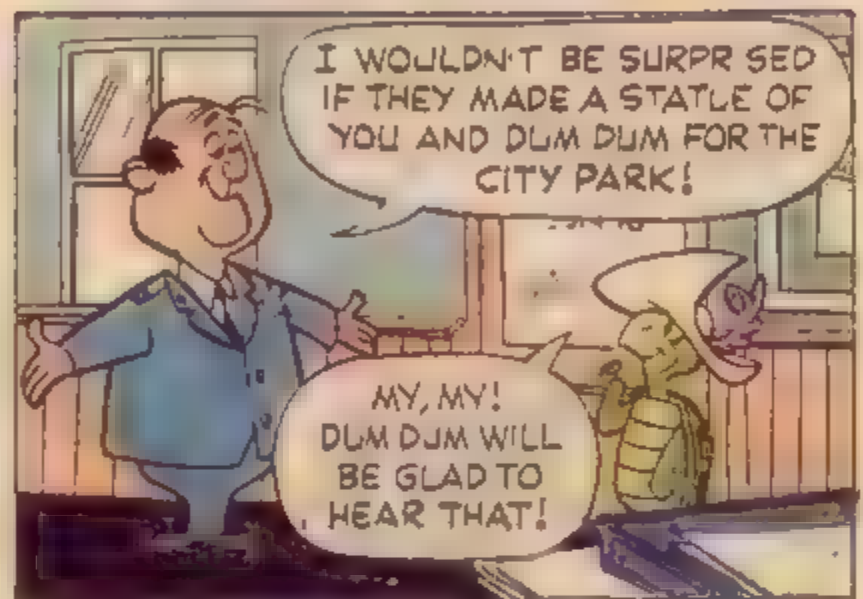
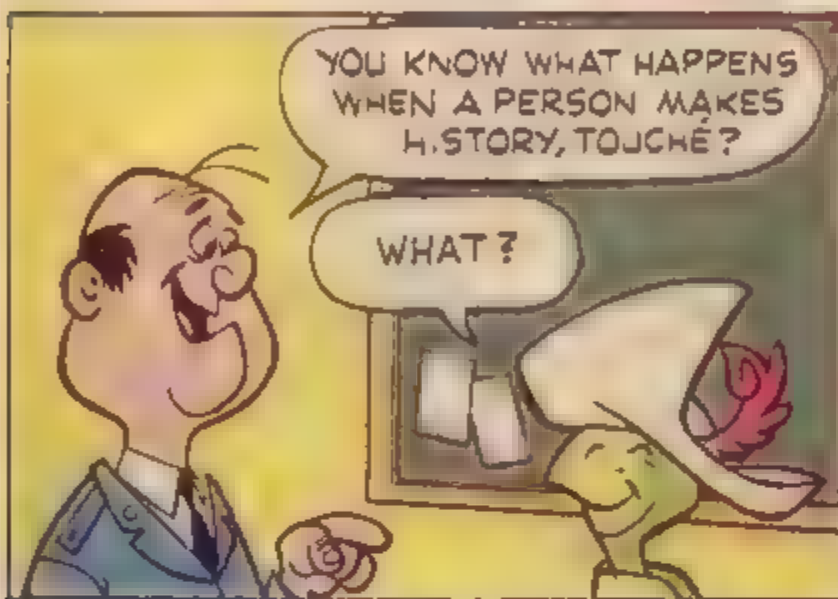
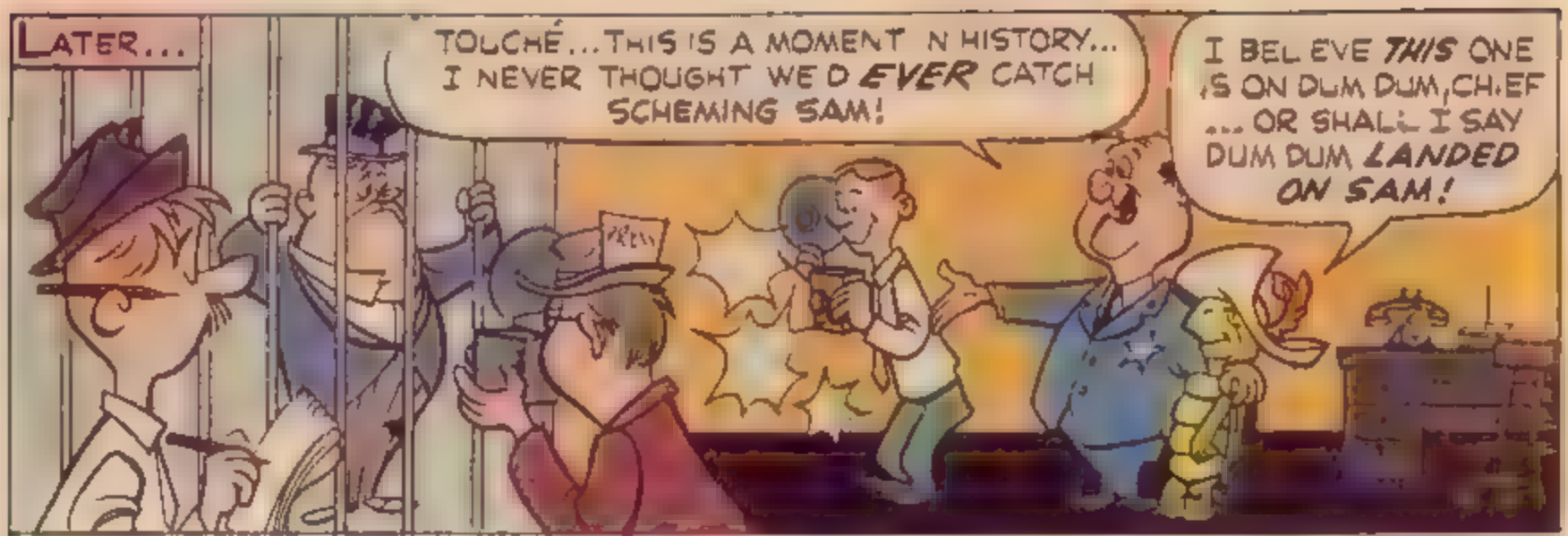








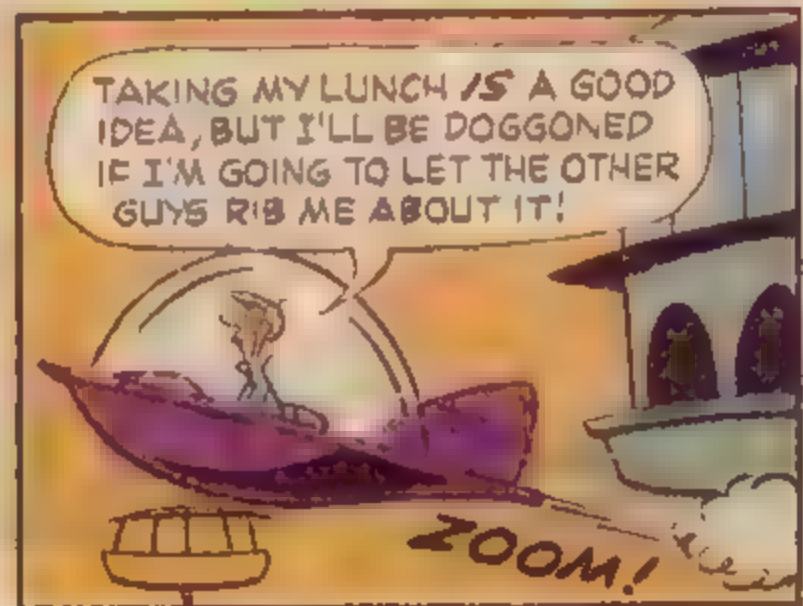
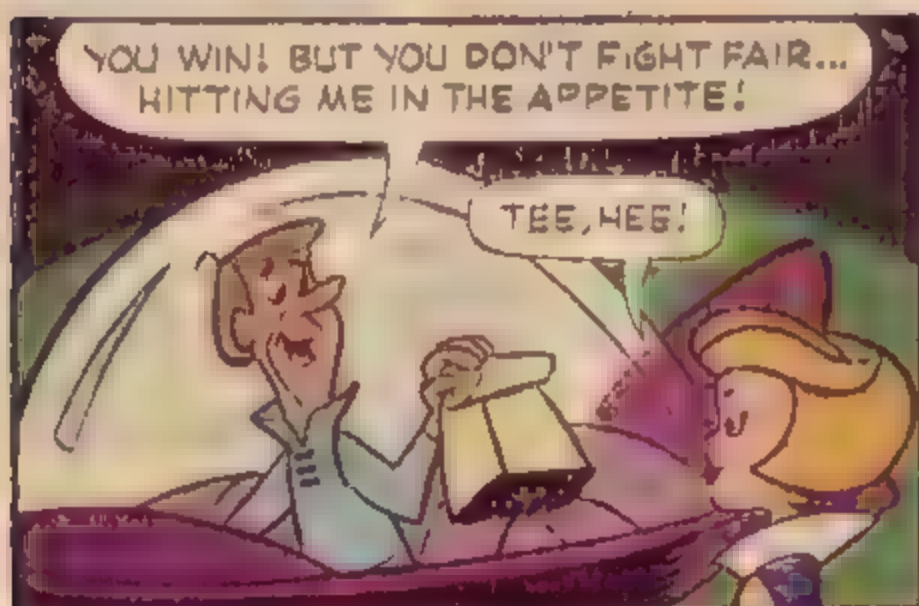
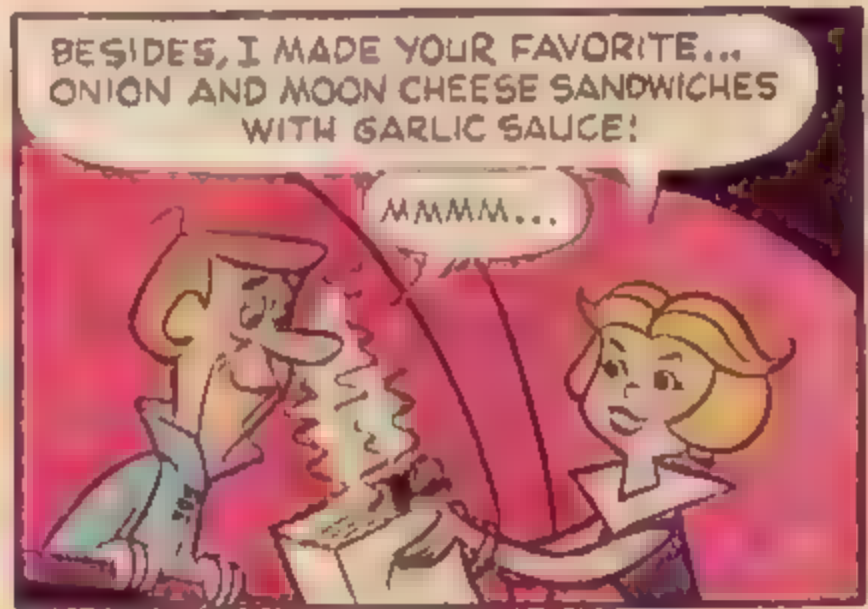
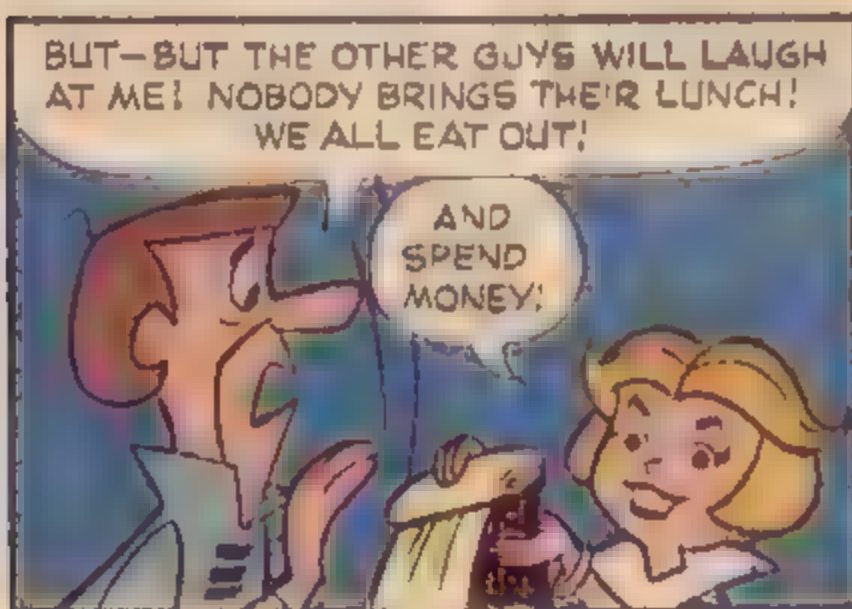
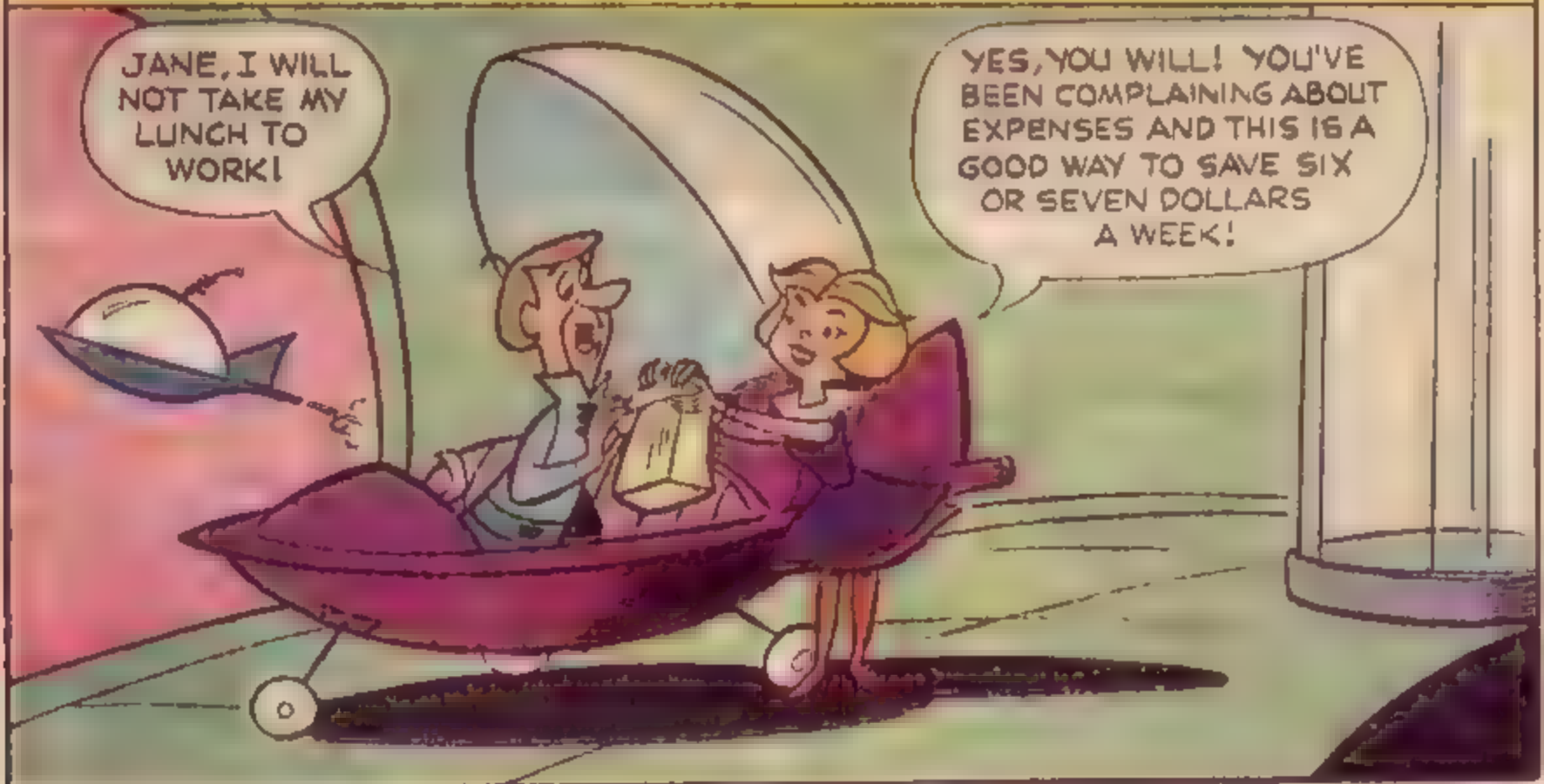






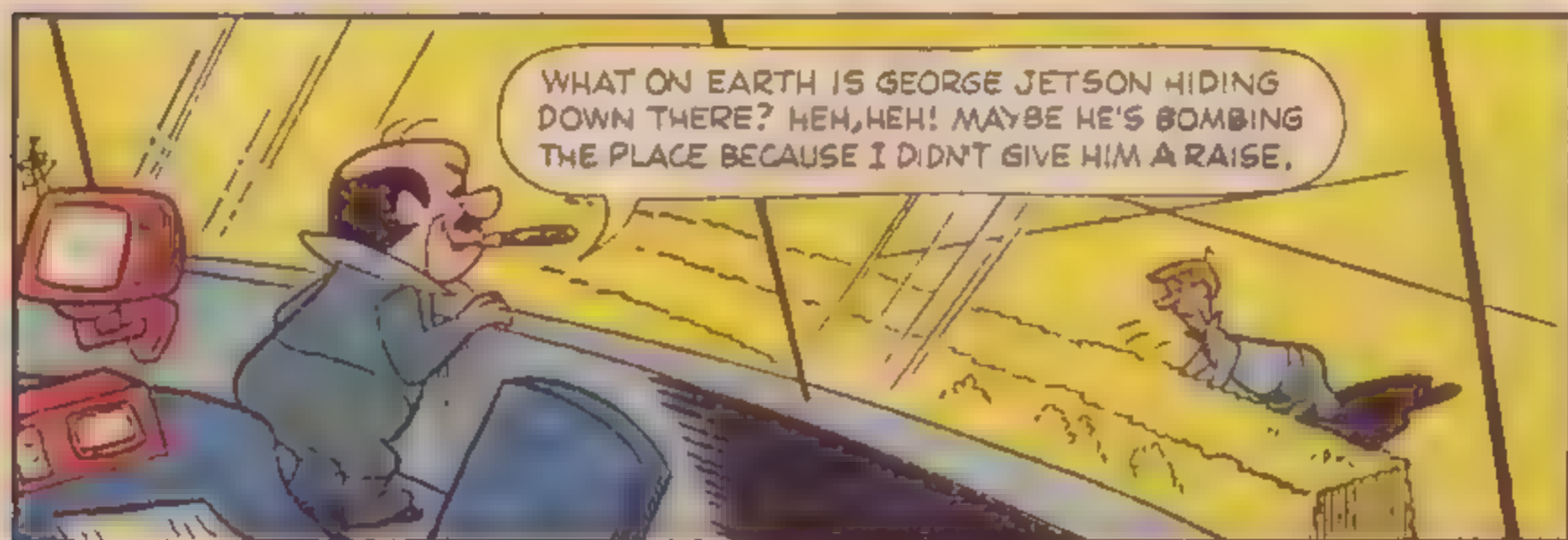
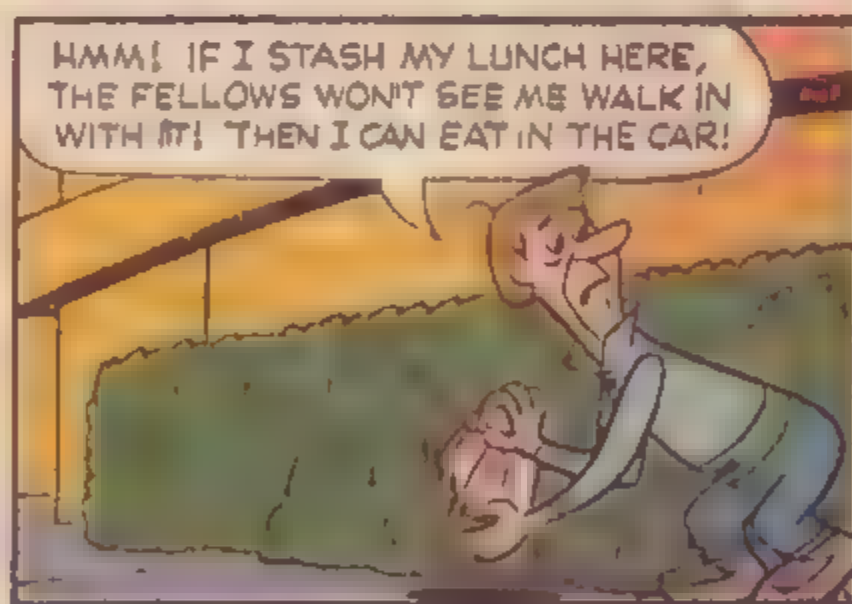
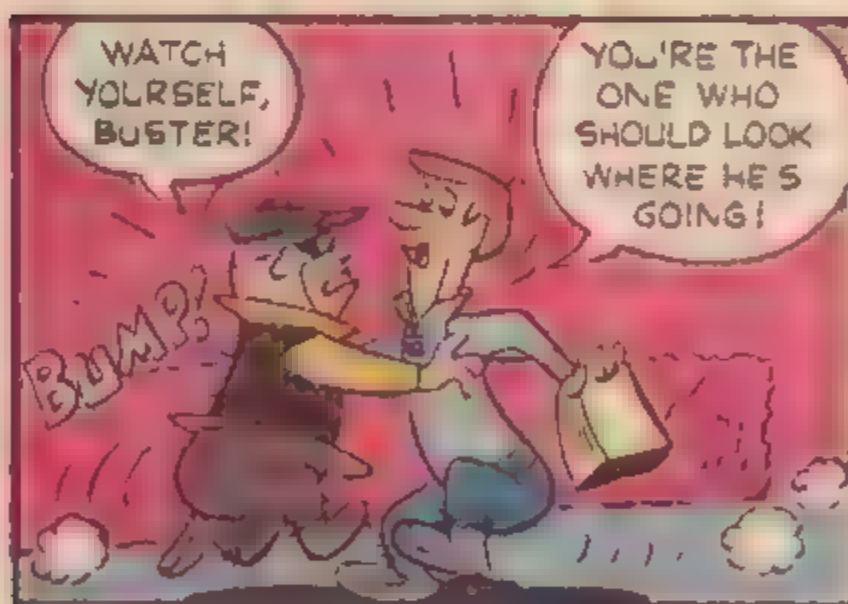
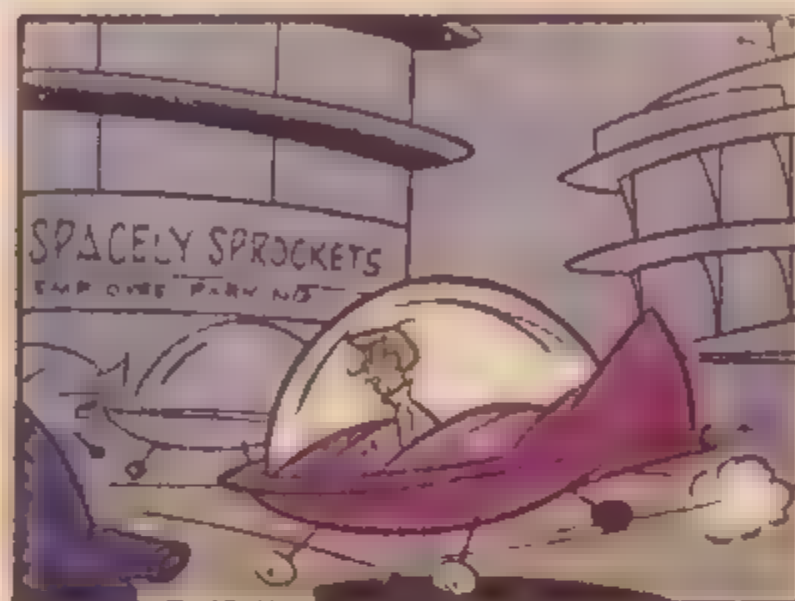
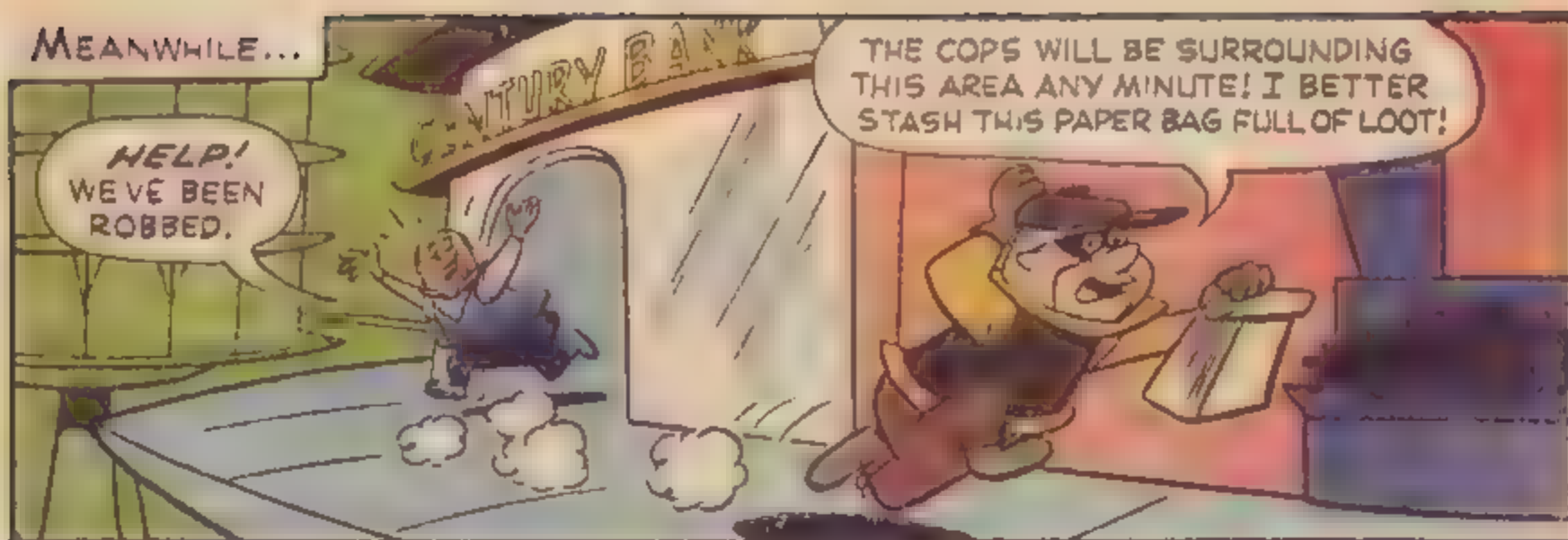
Hanna-Barbara *The* JETSONS

# THE LUNCH WAS ALL DOUGH



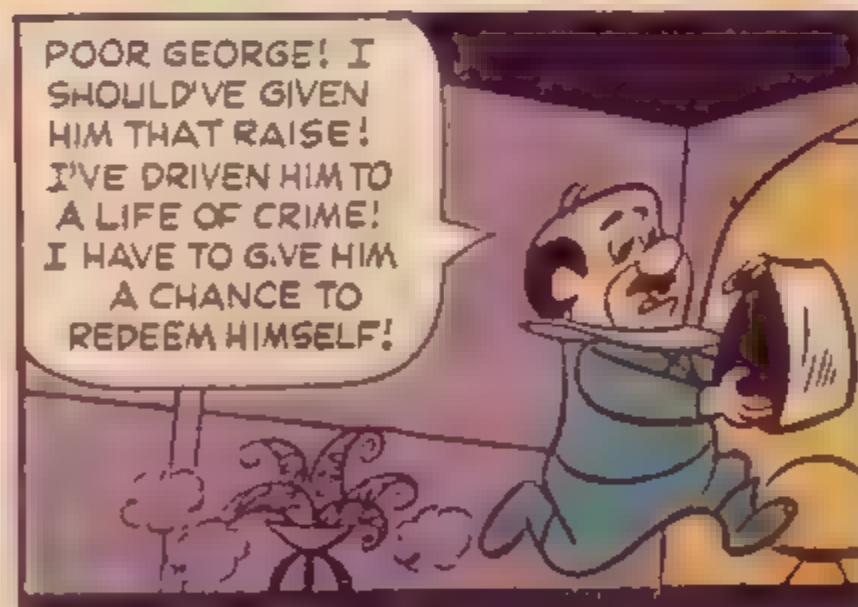
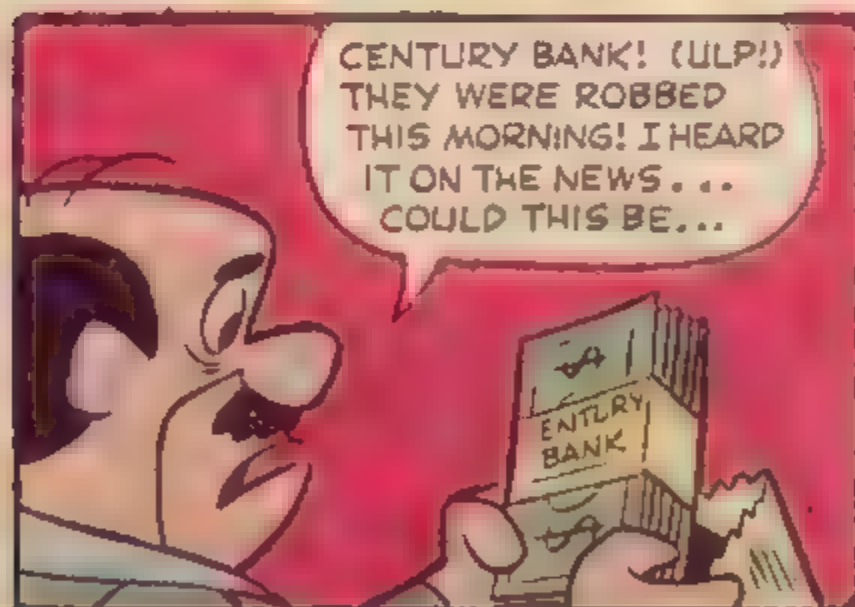
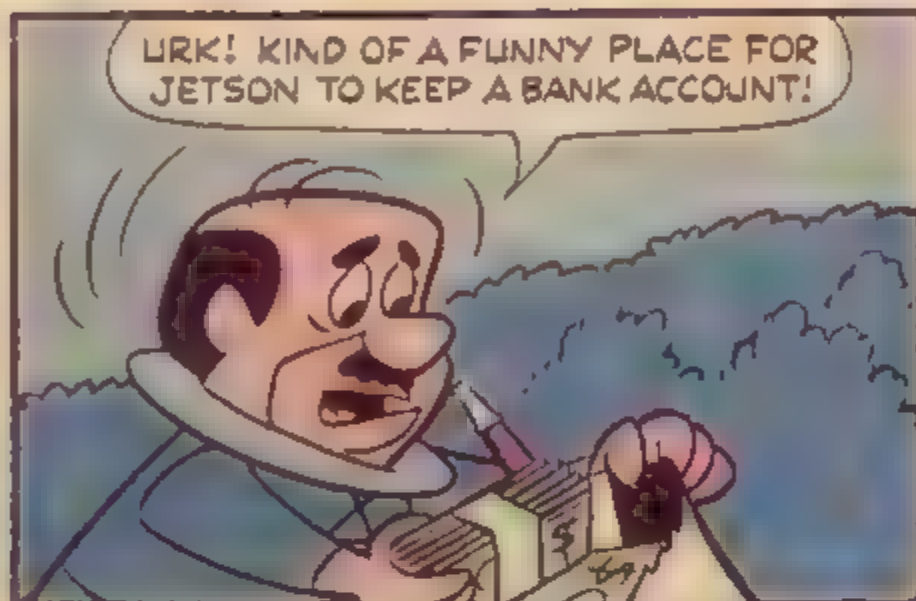
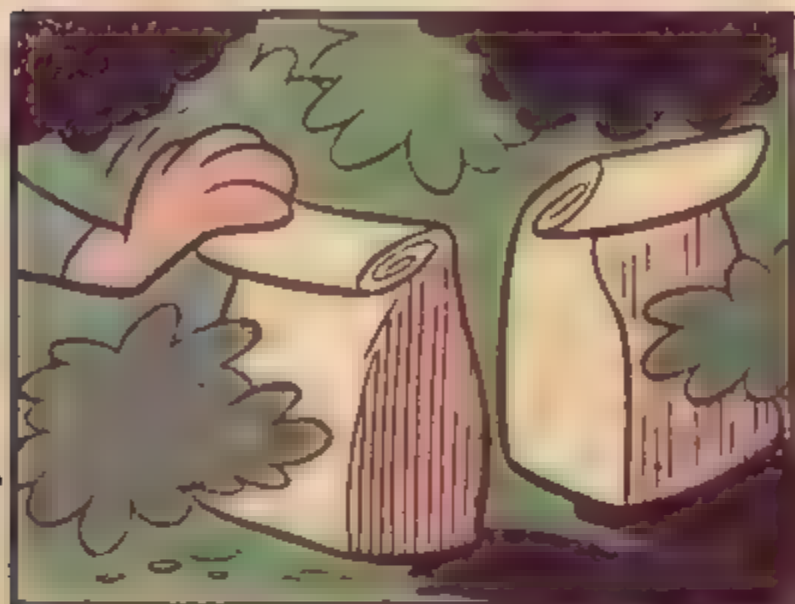
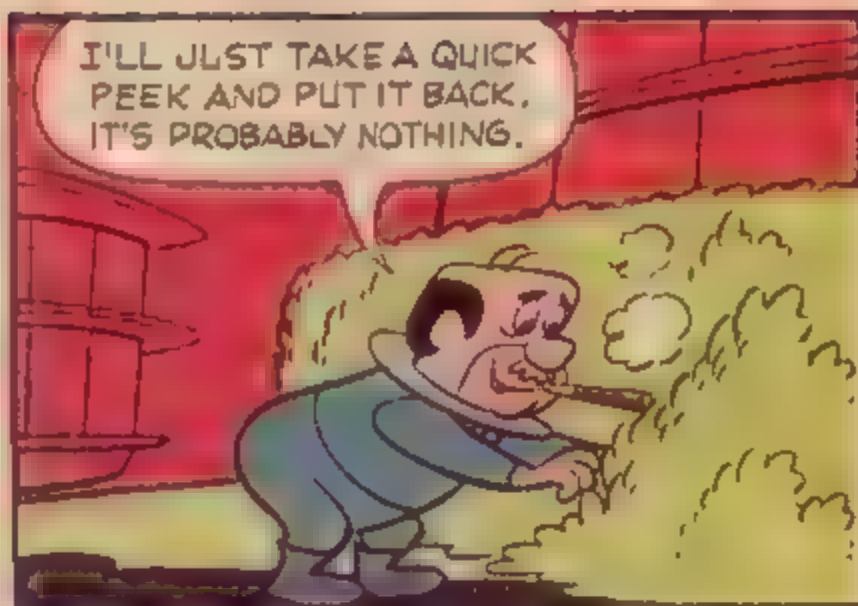
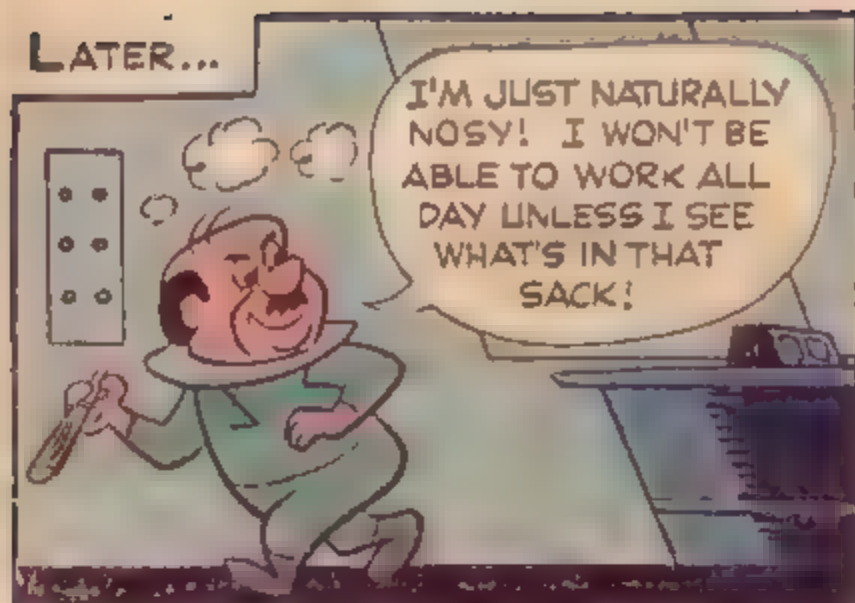


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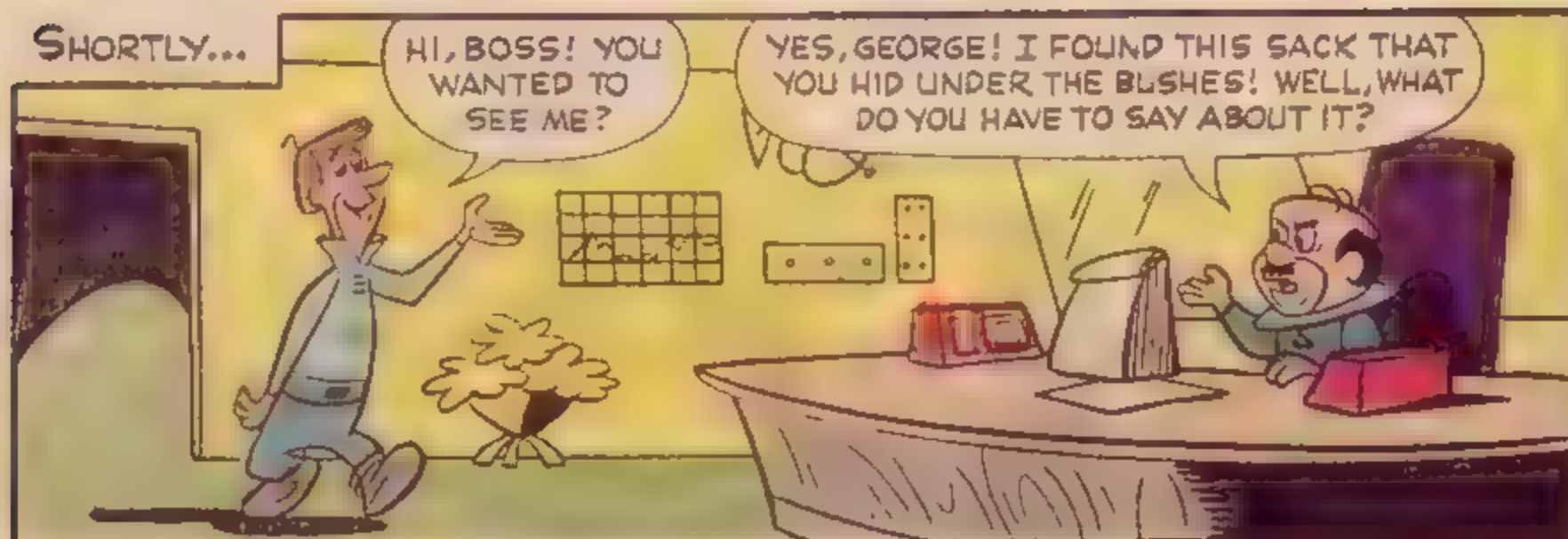




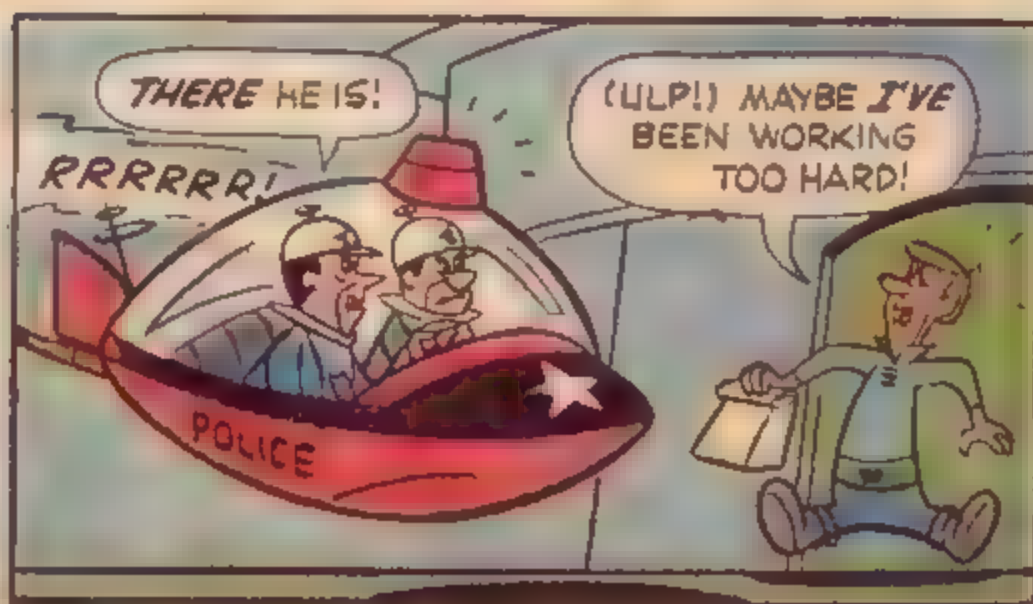
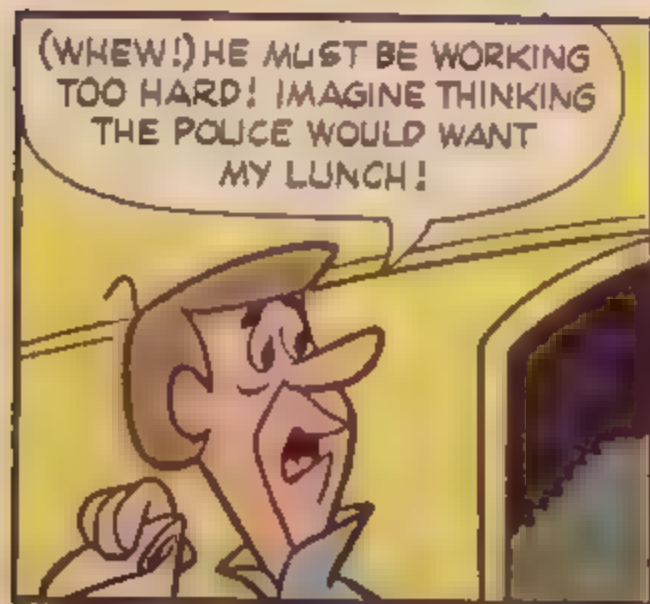
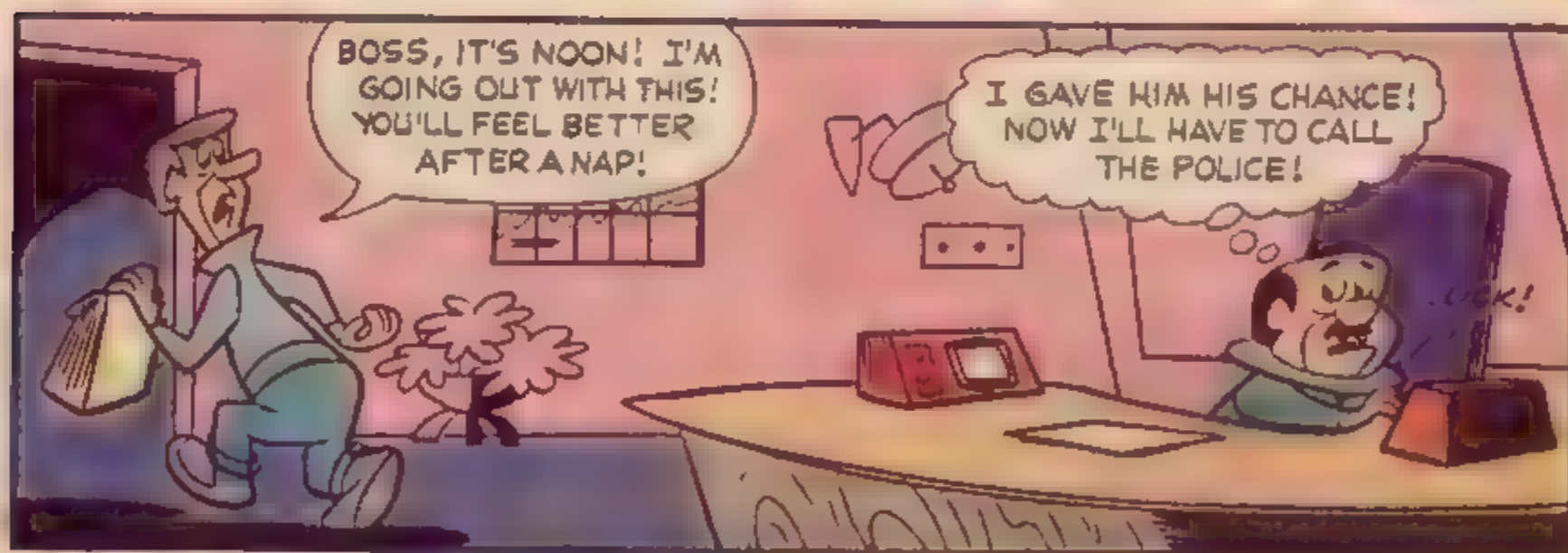
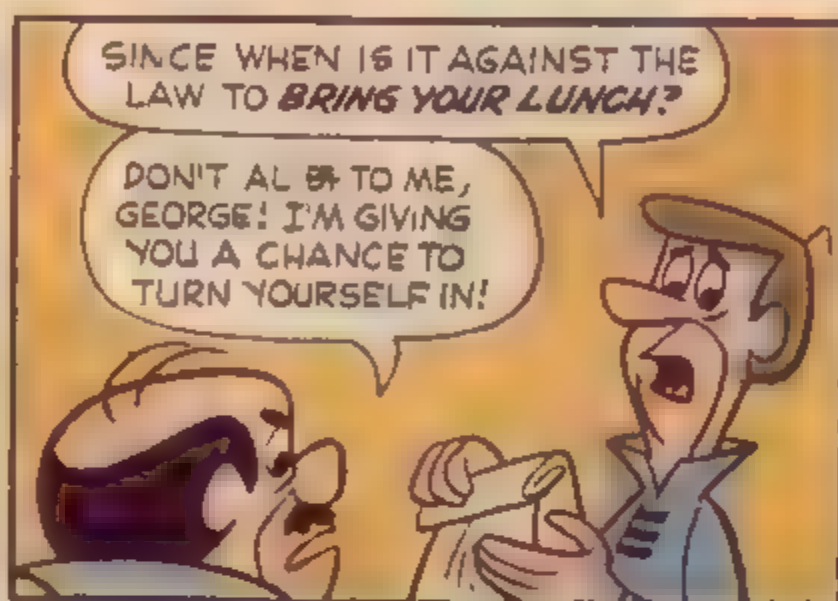
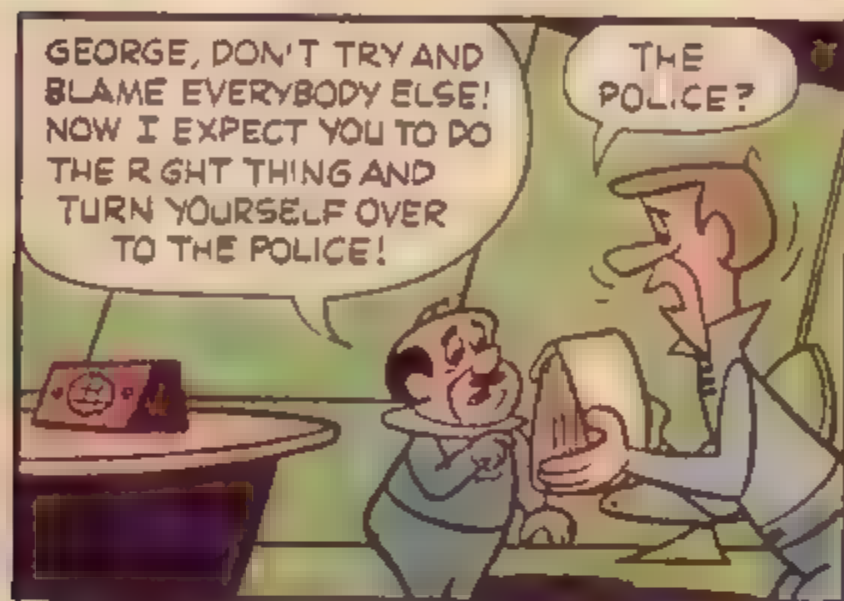
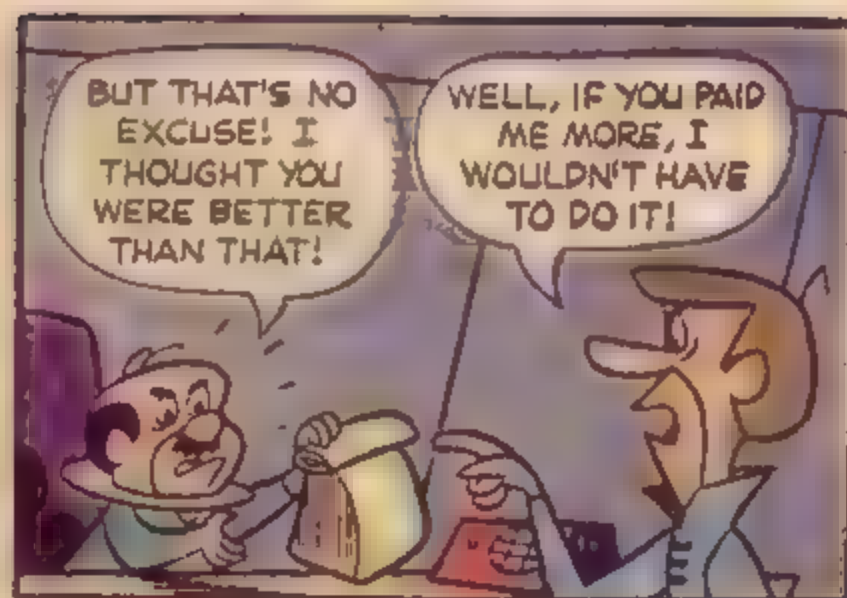
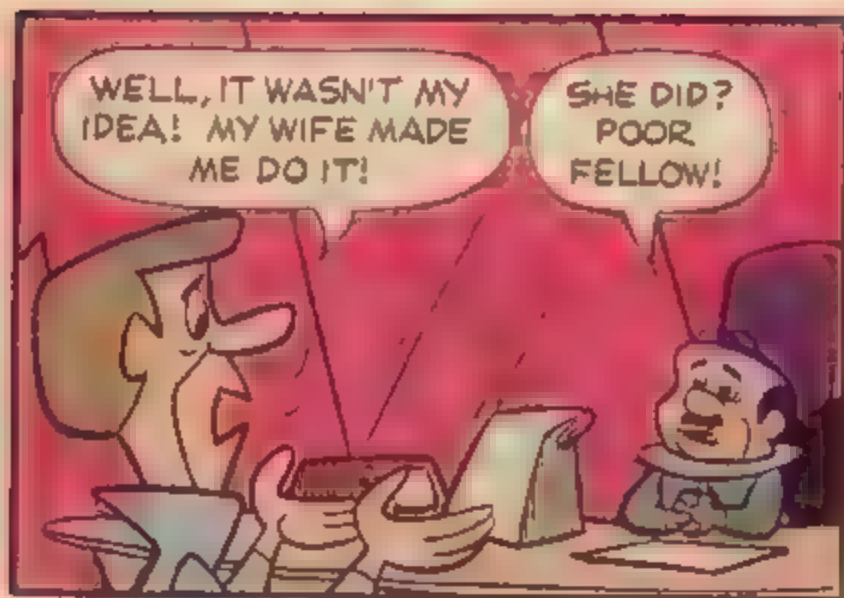
LATER...



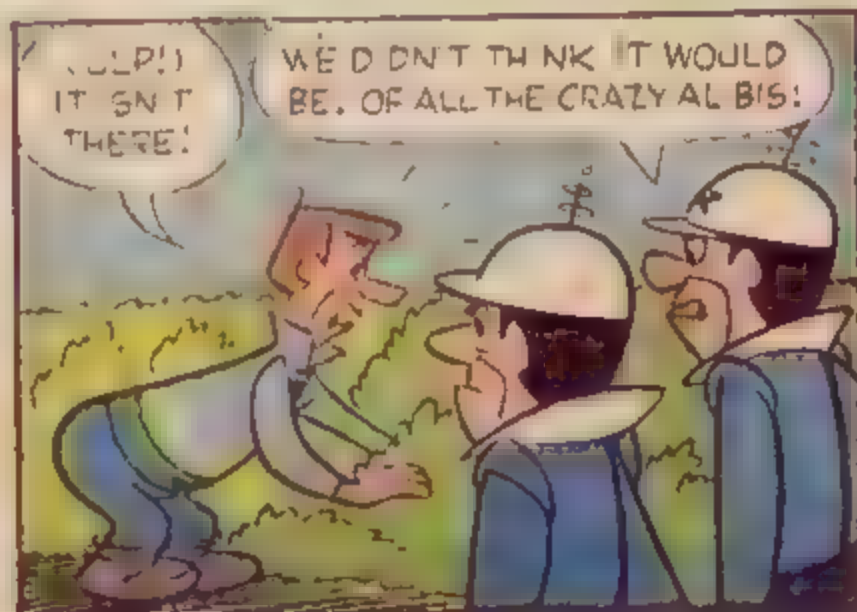
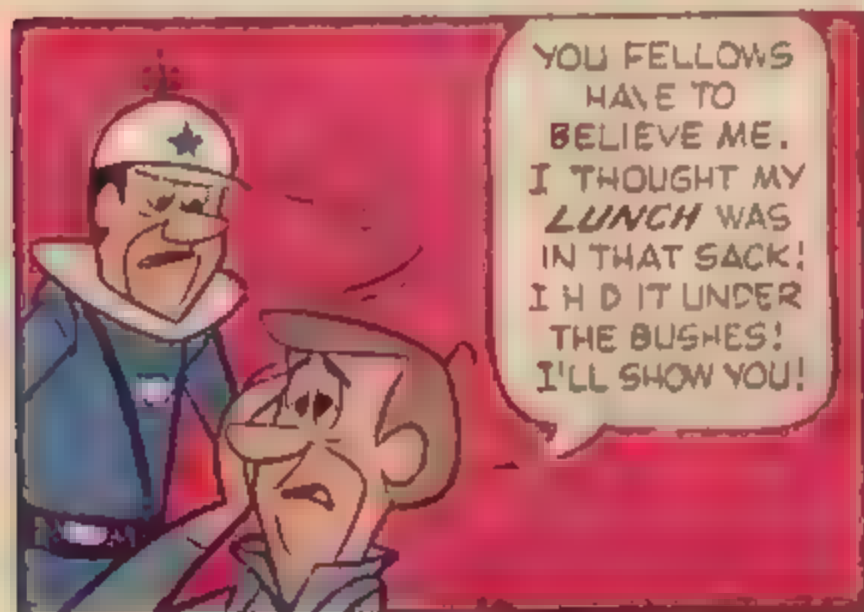
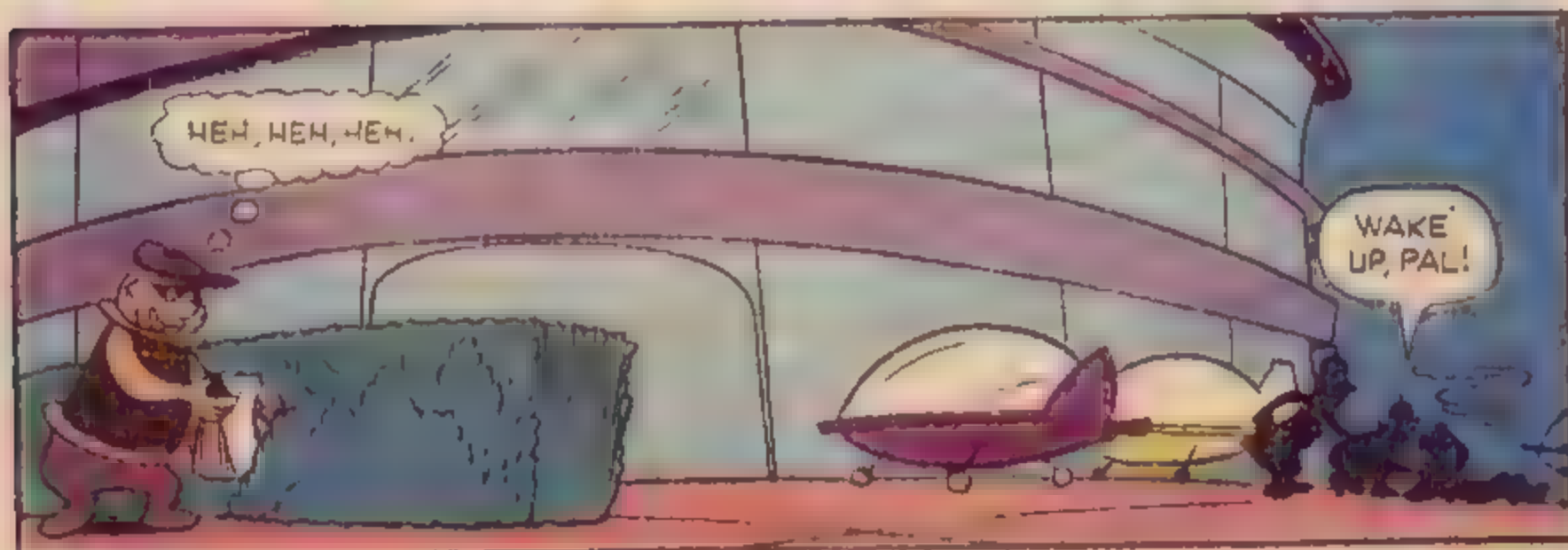
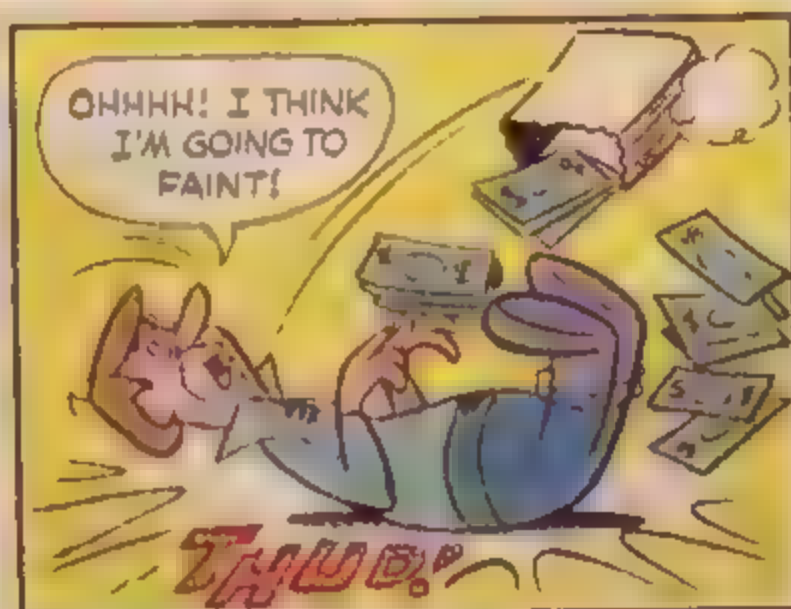
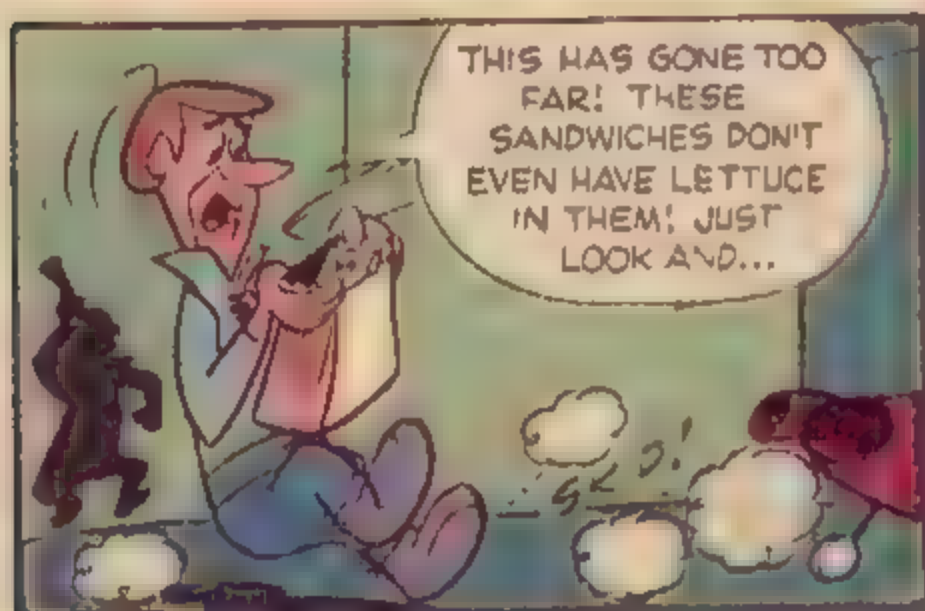
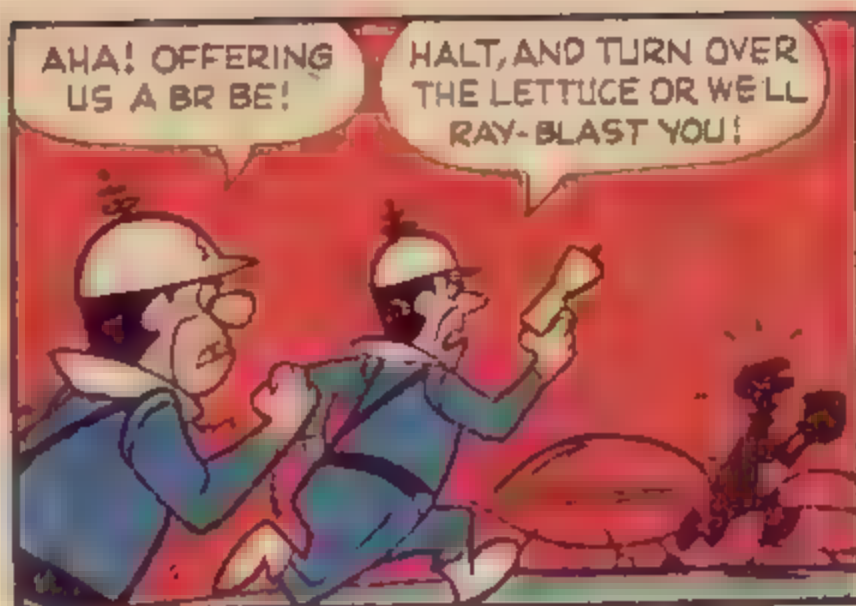
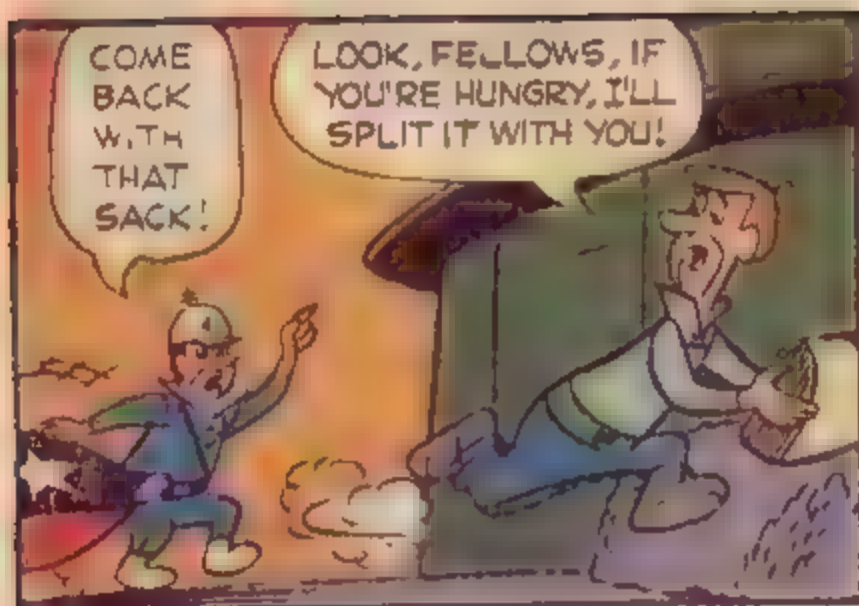
SHORTLY...





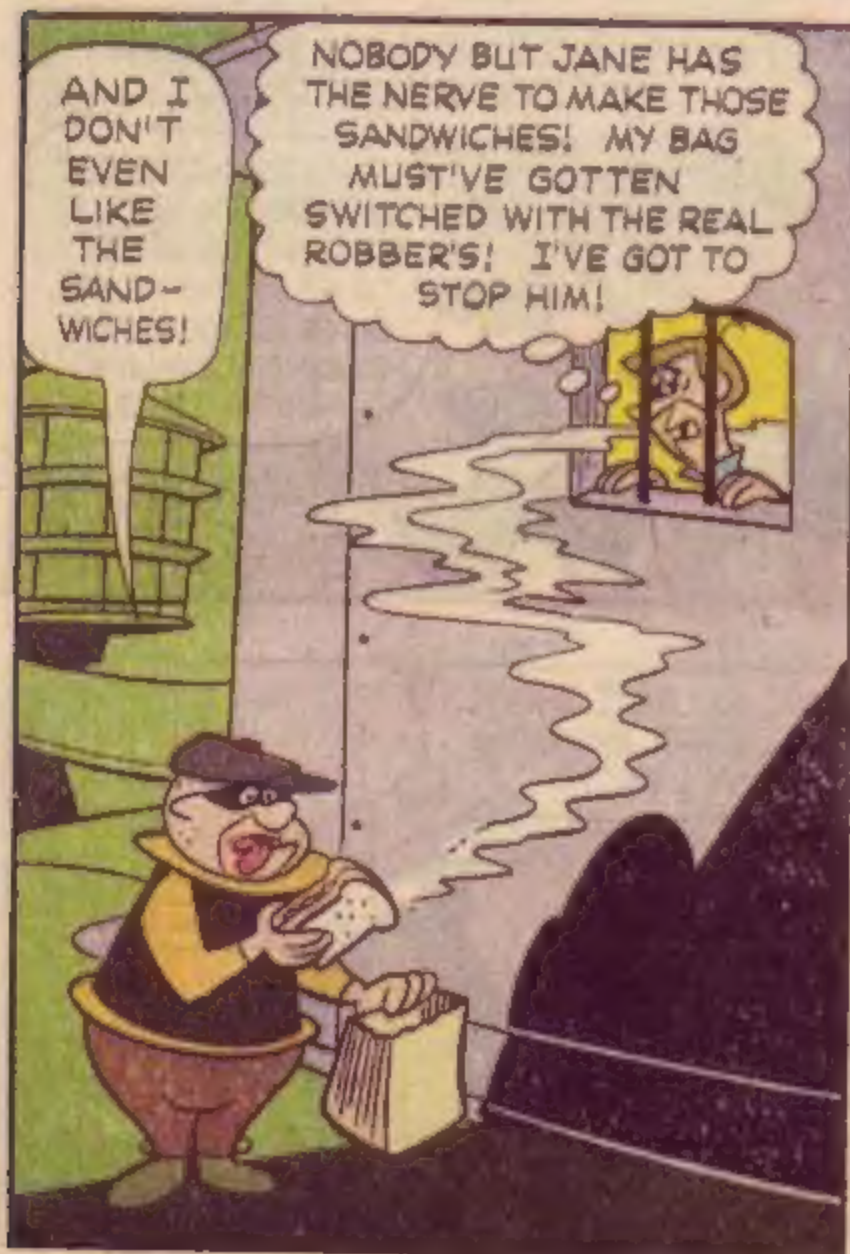
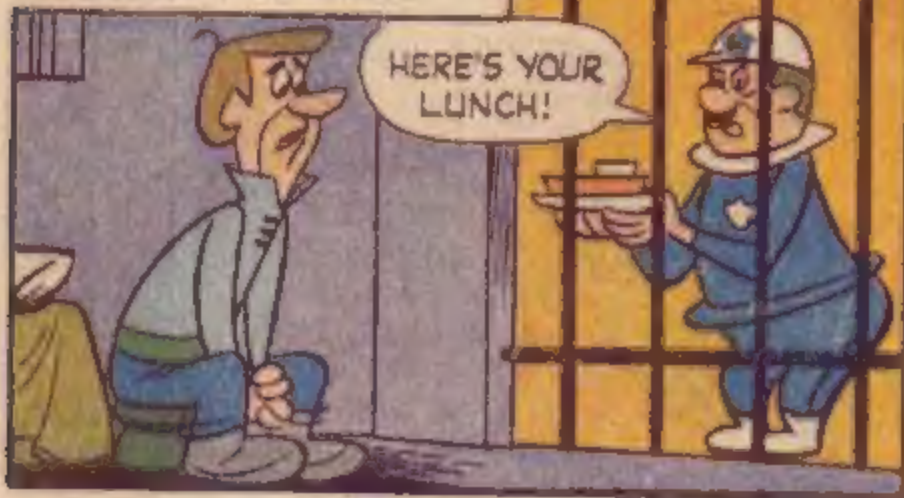




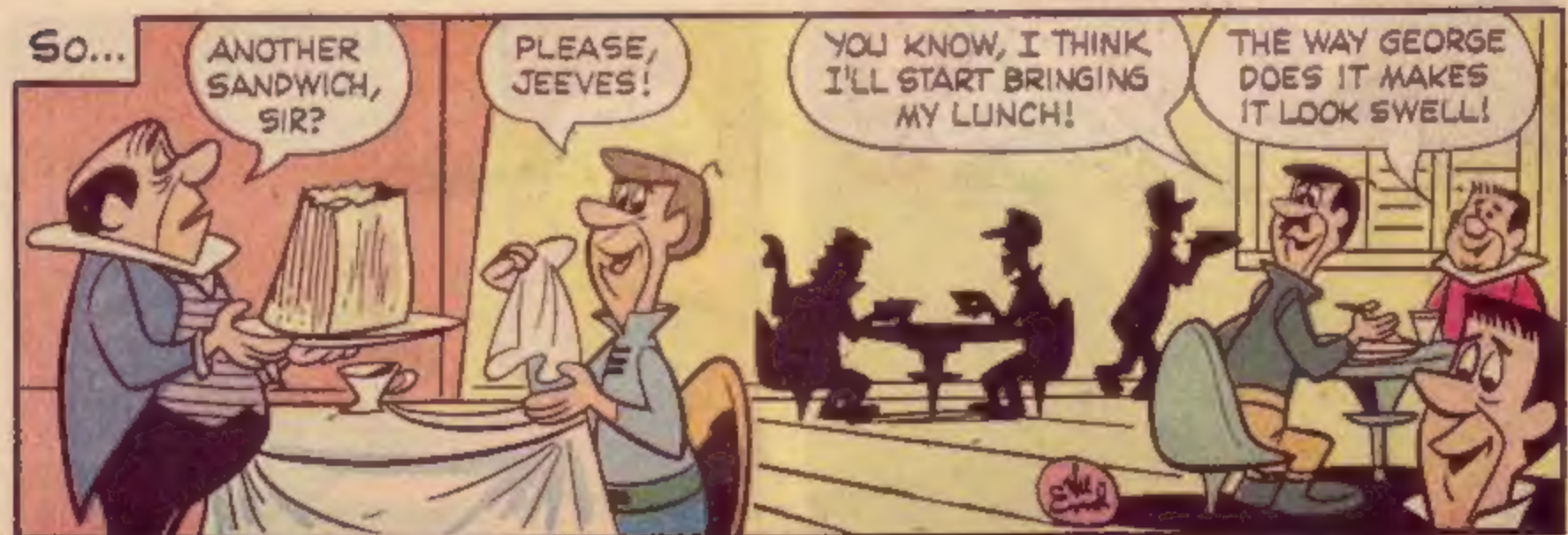




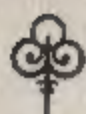
SO, POOR GEORGE FINDS  
HIMSELF IN JAIL...











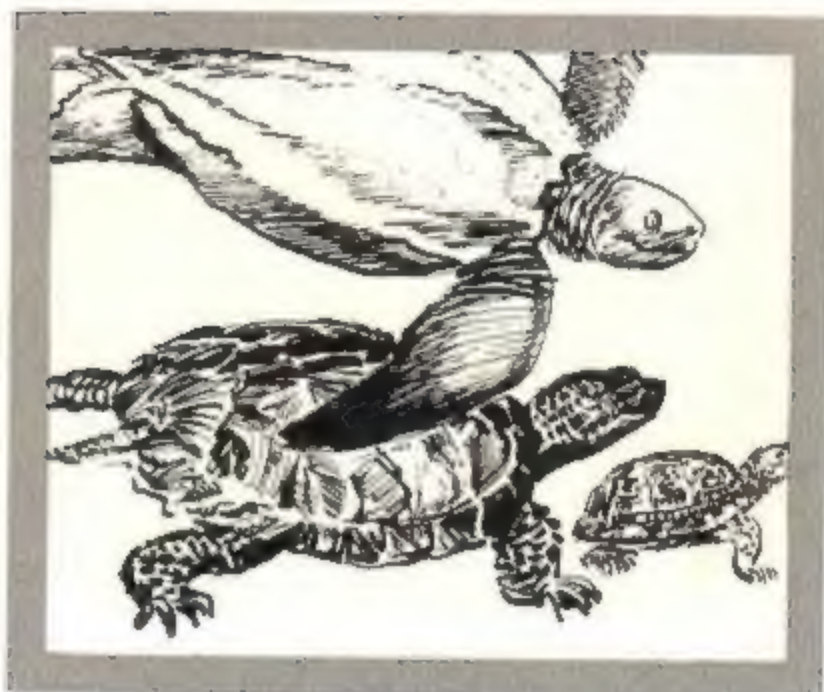
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

# FISH

NUMBER 21

## TURTLE

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



There are land turtles and sea turtles and fresh-water turtles. Land and fresh-water type have legs. The sea type has flippers.



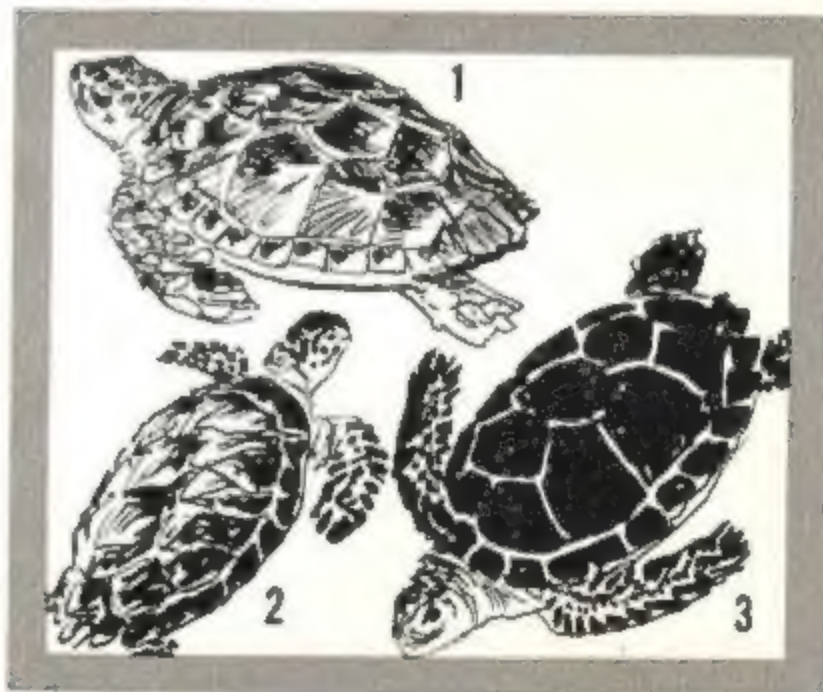
Turtles, no matter of what species, do not possess teeth. The jaws of the turtle are covered with sharp-edged horny plates.



The Leathery Turtle, sometimes called the Leatherback, is found in tropical seas. They can reach 8 feet and weigh nearly a ton.



Fresh-water snapping turtles have large heads, rough shells, soft folds of skin that cover neck and legs and a very long tail.



Loggerhead, Hawksbill and Green Turtles are most common. The shells from 1 and 2 are in demand. The third is used for soup.



